

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1874.

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SILENT MUSIC.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Standing to-day by the great church organ,
I thought, how strange, if a thing so grand
Should be forever and ever silent,
Waiting the touch of a master hand;
Never a sound could the strong lungs utter;
Never an echo of melody,
Unless the fingers of some musician
Should fall on the snowy keys.

And I thought of the hearts so like the organ:
Hearts that are aching with silent pain,
Because their strings are burdened with music,
And they cannot utter a single strain,
And the world looks on, and never guesses
The sounds that would be sweet and grand,
If the waiting keys could only answer
To the touch of a master hand.

Sounds that are sweet as the angel's psalm,
Notes as glad as the thrush's song,
Are hid in these silent hearts forever,
Waiting the master's finger,
More-faced men and adored women
Silently walk through this vale of doubt,
Whose hearts are brimming with heaven's music,
But no hand brings it out.

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 37. Back numbers can be obtained from all newspapers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXII.

A NEW SUITOR.

Was ever woman in such humor mood—
Was ever woman in such humor mood—
—Shakespeare.

Miss Doris Carlyon had returned to King-croft Grange. It was summer time once more, and the soft air and genial weather, or some other cause, had restored the health she had somewhat suddenly, and, as it seemed, unaccountably lost. She was still Doris Carlyon. None of the many fortune-hunters who hung round her, or the admirers of her beauty, who had no need of her wealth, had succeeded in inducing her to yield up her liberty.

It seemed strange that a woman in the very prime and fulness of her beauty as she was should prefer to live alone with only a garrulous old woman, and Mrs. Bellow was nothing better, for her companion; but so it was. She liked her liberty, she said, and was not inclined to call any man master.

The little child she had taken under her care was a great favorite at the Grange. He was a bright, lively little fellow, and both Mrs. Bellow and her niece were very fond of him.

They would have him for days together at home, and make much of him, and the orders were very strict that he should be most carefully cared for.

People wondered, but Doris laughed at them, and said it was her whim.

"Why not a child as well as a great dog, or anything of that sort?" she said to Cuthbert Winstanley, who rallied her one day on the subject. "You would not laugh at me if I took to petting that big mastiff out in the yard yonder; but, somehow, I prefer the boy."

"He's a better lay figure for showing off pretty frocks and so forth," he replied with a laugh. "What a vain little peacock you'll make of the little beggar when he's old enough to understand finery."

"I like color," she said, toying with the child's curly golden frock, "and beauty and shapeliness generally. Therefore, I prefer young Ralph to the mastiff, who has none of these attributes that I can see."

"Pardon me, we will agree to differ on that subject. I think he has them all. He is a noble creature."

"Perhaps. But he doesn't like me—I don't like him; so I shall stick to my preference for little Ralph, and see if I cannot develop a man out of this little 'vain peacock' some day, Mr. Winstanley."

"You'll never make a man of him if you spoil him. Ralph is that name?"

"I suppose so. It was the name of the man believed to be his father. Ralph Rutherford—rather plebeian, isn't it? Sounds like a farm servant or something of that sort."

"I don't think so. Ralph is a good sounding name—the name of a man—better than all the Willies and Berties and Charlies of the present day."

"I'm glad you like it," she said, laughingly. "I don't; but it will do as well as any other."

"She'll ruin the child," was Cuthbert Winstanley's thought as he returned to town. "What does she mean? It would take a wiser head than mine to fathom Doris Carlyon's intentions. Why don't she marry Rutherford? I'm almost sure he asked her. Why won't she marry somebody and settle down like a Christian woman? She is like a possessed fiend sometimes."

As he left the Grange he passed the young surgeon, Amplett Selwyn, of whom mention has been made as being at the fancy ball. Times were changed with Mr. Selwyn since then, although scarcely a year had passed since that night. He had been a rather shabby young man then, striving with all his might to secure a bare living and keep up a respectable appearance.

He had been thankful in those days for the custom and patronage of anybody, and looked up to the wealthy farmers and shopkeepers of the district as millionaires. Now he was installed as medical attendant to the household of the Grange; Miss Carlyon had not discarded the old family doctor, she was too polite for that; but his position made it hardly worth his while to ride a good many

miles for every slight ailment in the servant's hall, so he was quite content to attend the heiress himself, and to turn over the practice below the salt to his struggling brother professional.

Miss Carlyon's notice, of course, made every one else think the young surgeon clever, and his business improved so rapidly that he was able to furnish his somewhat dingy home and dress like a gentleman, in the space of a very few months after the famous fancy ball.

"Another month," said Cuthbert Winstanley to himself, as he saw him coming, mounted on a well-groomed horse. "Shall I warn him? He'll burn himself for a certainty, the silly fool. Flowers too? What does Doris Carlyon care for any flowers that he or such as he can offer? Is she waiting for a prince, I wonder? I will speak to him, however he may take it."

He bade the young surgeon good day as he came up, and Amplett Selwyn stopped his horse to speak to him.

They had met once or twice, so were on speaking terms.

"An offering at the shrine of beauty, Mr. Selwyn?" he said, pointing to the elaborate little bouquet the surgeon carried with anxious care.

"Yes, exactly—just so," he replied, coloring in confusion. "Miss Carlyon was saying yesterday that she had not in all her gardens a rose of this particular size and color. I promised to procure one for her."

"You should have left it to the gardener, my dear fellow."

"I'm—it would have been wiser, I think."

"Ah, you fancy I know nothing about it—that I am not a connoisseur in roses. I assure you—"

"Oh no, not at all. I have no doubt you know all about it—it's more than I do. That's not it. To tell you the truth, Selwyn, I am sorry to see you carrying flowers or anything else to Doris Carlyon."

"Why?"

"I don't misunderstand me. I have known the lady for years, and brilliant as she is, I would not become a suitor of hers for twice her fortune; but I have seen what has happened to others who have done what you are doing, who have been drawn on and on by her smiles and attentions, only to be crushed and humiliated when they thought they had won the right to speak of love."

"Stop, Mr. Winstanley," the surgeon said, angrily. "What if I tell Miss Carlyon how her guests treat her? Do you not think the doors of King-croft Grange would be shut in your face for ever?"

"No."

"No?"

"I repeat, no; that I give you full and free permission to repeat to Miss Carlyon every word I have uttered as proof that I am honest in the matter at least. She will not shut the doors of this Grange upon me for it."

"I do not need your warning, Mr. Winstanley," the surgeon said, stiffly, but not rudely. "I think perhaps I know all that you would tell me. I thank you for your information, but I need no warning at all the same."

"So others have said, and yet gone blindly to what has been ruin in more than one instance—in one case more than ruin."

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"What, may I ask?"

"Death."

"Ah, nothing so unpleasant will ever happen to me; I never go blindly into anything. Miss Carlyon and I thoroughly understand each other."

He bowed politely to end the interview.

and urged his horse into a canter up the avenue.

Cuthbert Winstanley stood looking after him for a moment before he turned away.

"Not blind?" he murmured. "Poor fool, he is in the outer darkness if he fancies himself about Doris Carlyon and himself! Understand each other very well, do they? How will they understand each other when she casts him off and laughs at him, as she did at poor Onslow, or drives him into the next world for pity like. Bah, I hate to think of it, but I've warned him. Perhaps he may take the hint and be careful after all."

He was mistaken in Amplett Selwyn. That young gentleman, far from being blind, had his eyes very wide open indeed, and, moreover, he had spoken the truth when he said Doris Carlyon and he understood each other very well. They did perhaps better than any two people on earth.

An hour later Amplett Selwyn and Doris Carlyon were standing together in the long drawing-room at the Grange. He had asked for a private interview with her, and she had led him to this room, where they were not likely to be disturbed. The sun was declining, and the red rays lit up the weird-looking portrait of the heiress with unnatural and too glowing radiance. The figure stood out in a curious way, and the folds of the crimson skirt looked more than ever like blood stains.

Selwyn quivered as he looked at it.

"That's an awful picture," he remarked, with a grimace.

"So every one says. They say I look as if I had been stabbed. I can't say I see it myself. I rather like it, it is so very uncommon-looking. It is not a grand work of art certainly; but it is a faithful portrait, and that is saying a good deal in these days of flattery."

"It is horrible."

"Was it to discuss the merits and demerits of that picture that you asked for a private interview with me, Mr. Selwyn?"

"No, Miss Carlyon."

"May I ask for what, then?"

"For a business of far more importance to me, I can assure you."

"Indeed?"

"Even so."

"And you want my help?"

"I do."

He laughed slightly as he spoke—a confident little laugh, which made Doris Carlyon feel uncomfortable, she could not tell why.

"I am not free from the faults of my sex," she said, carelessly. "I confess to curiosity. What is this weighty business? Does it concern—"

"She stopped abruptly, as though some uncomfortable thought had suddenly presented itself to her mind, and the faint color died out of her face."

"It concerns you and me, Miss Carlyon—no one else. I have no news for you, good or bad; all is safe."

"Then nothing can affect me much. What do you want of me, Mr. Selwyn?"

"Yourself."

"Just that, and nothing else."

"What for?"

"For my wife."

Doris Carlyon stared at him in wild amazement.

This country surgeon—the man who attended her servants when they were ill—to dare to aspire to her hand! He had never spoken one word of love to her—since she saw him first, and now in the most matter-of-fact way he demanded her hand.

"Are you mad, or am I?" she said, presently. "Did I hear you aright?"

"I hope you did. I had the honor to ask you to be my wife."

"My wife! I, Doris Carlyon! You are mad, Mr. Selwyn—or have you been taking too much wine this morning?"

"Neither," he replied, in the same matter-of-fact tone. "I have tasted nothing, and I am not mad. I do not speak of how I love you, how I worship the ground you walk upon, as other men have done, to be repulsed and driven mad. I have reasoned the matter with myself, and came here to ask this great boon at your hands."

"You are a strange man, sir. Your request sounds like a demand."

"It is a demand."

"And you expect me to accede to it?"

"I do."

"Then I have but one answer to such folly, and that is to wish you a very good morning, Mr. Amplett Selwyn."

She turned to go with an air of proud defiance on her face, but he stopped her before she reached the door.

"Stay, madam," he said. "Do not go without considering what I have said."

"I have considered. Allow me to pass, if you please."

"Not till I have finished what I have to say. You must marry me."

"Must?"

"Yes, must, unless you prefer the alternative of full publicity regarding certain events with which I am acquainted. They would make a very pretty story for the newspapers, would they not?"

"Mr. Selwyn, I have made a very great mistake in you."

"How, Miss Carlyon?"

"I mistook you for a gentleman, that is all."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. SELWYN NAMES HIS PRICE.

But in the way of bargain, such he me, I'll avail to the north part of a hair.

—Shakespeare.

"I trust you were not mistaken in your opinion of me," Mr. Selwyn replied. "I am not aware that I have done anything to forfeit the name. I am a gentleman, though a poor one, Miss Carlyon, of a family perhaps as old as your own."

"I do not dispute the fact, sir."

"Then how have I merited your last remark?"

Doris Carlyon's eyes flashed with an angry light as she turned them upon him, and her slight frame reared itself erect with passionate hauteur.

"A gentleman would not trade upon a lady's secret," she said, bitterly. "A man who valued the honorable name, which is before any title in the universe, would not threaten a woman."

"Threaten! that is a harsh word."

"You threatened me just now. You gave me the alternative of marrying you, or being held up to public scorn—a strange way of wooing, truly."

"I was wrong in that, perhaps," he said, still preventing her leaving the room. "I should have told you my love, for I do love you with a love such as I never felt for a woman before—a burning, fierce passion, that eats into my heart like fire. What I wanted to make you see was the expediency of the thing."

"Expediency! In my marriage with you?"

"Yes."

"Expedient for you it would be, of course. You would like well to be master here—to have my wealth to play the gentleman with, my servants to lord it over my house and myself to do with as you please. It is an-

bition that is eating at your heart, Amplett Selwyn, not love."

"Say both," he replied with a quiet smile. "I should like all the things you name, and enjoy them as a man who has struggled with poverty only can; but I should like yourself better. Think it over, Miss Carlyon."

"There cannot be another thought about such a thing," she said, laughingly. "If I thought from now till the last day of my life I could have but one answer—such a union cannot be."

"Cannot?"

"No."

"I think it can, and will. I am a tolerably determined man, Miss Carlyon, and I fancy I shall have my way in this matter. You will see it as I do after a little reflection."

"I shall not. I tell you, sir, it cannot be. If I loved you as a woman never loved since the world was created, I could never be your wife. I—"

She stopped abruptly, and he could see that she was trembling. He mistook it for a sign of wavering.

"At the risk of being again called ungentlemanly," he said, quietly, "I must remind you of the alternative I offered you—either the protection of a husband, and one you will have no cause to blush for, or the publicity of all that has passed between you and me for the past year."

"She was brought to bay now, and faced him with a new resolution in her white face."

"Mr. Amplett Selwyn," she began.

"I am all attention, madam."

"What will you take to go out to Australia and stop there?"

"All my life."

"All your life, never to be seen or heard of in England again?"

"Nothing that you could offer me," he replied. "Not all the revenues of King-croft Grange, unless you went with me as my wife."

"Will nothing tempt you?"

"Nothing."

"You press me hard," she said, putting her hand to her forehead, "and when a man threatens a woman is weak. You have been of service to me—great service—and I have striven to repay you."

"You have done so."

"But now you make a demand I cannot grant. I am I trust you with a secret."

"You have found me keeping faithfully I use your discretion about any other."

"It concerns what you have spoken of come here—closer. Sometimes I fancy the very walls have ears."

She was pale, trembling, and quite unlike her haughty self now.

"I must tell him," she said to herself. "He will understand then."

She drew him close to her, so close that the loose curls of her black hair brushed his shoulder—and whispered a few words into his ear.

He stared at her blankly for a moment, and then laughed bitterly.

"I ought to have guessed it," he said. "But I was blind—blind to all but your beauty and my own hopes."

"Now what will you take to go the journey I spoke of?" she asked.

"You want to be rid of me?"

"I do."

"You are afraid of my betraying my trust?"

"I am afraid of everything. I fear discovery on every hand. Every strange face, every fresh footstep, thrills me through with sick terror. If the sea were between you and England I should feel safer."

"You can manage without me?"

"Yes."

"And I am to break up my home, give

up my practice, and go ten thousand miles at your bidding, that your secrets may be kept?"

"Not for nothing. You have but to name your price."

"He hesitated a moment, and then answered, boldly—

"Six thousand pounds."

"She started a little, but gave no other sign of surprise, though there was an evil light in her eyes as she answered him."

"You value yourself highly, Mr. Selwyn."

"I value the information I possess highly, madam. It would sell for pretty nearly that sum in the market."

"She stamped her foot impatiently, and clenched her hands."

"I don't talk of it," she said. "Give me proof that you will keep your word and go, and you shall have the money. It will set you up for a gentleman, maybe, in that thriving colony."

"I intend it shall," he replied, quietly.

"As to proof, Miss Carlyon, you shall send your agent to pay me the money when I stand on board the ship that is to take me out. I suppose—"

"If she went down in mid-ocean, with all hands on board, you would make a most useful dispensation of Providence."

"me to say I should," she said.

"You shall have your price."

"Where have you been all day?" Mrs. Bellow exclaimed, pushing her with the scant ceremony which was characteristic of the good old lady.

"I've been looking for you everywhere."

"Everywhere but here, auntie. Mr. Selwyn and I have been having quite a long chat on business."

"Business! here! If you wanted to talk on business, why on earth didn't you go into the library, where there are pens and ink and things, instead of coming into this great drawing-room, which always gives me the cold shivers? I declare you look quite pale, child, as if it was December instead of a fine June evening."

"Our talk grew, madam," Selwyn said, respectfully. "He was always very respectful to Mrs. Bellow, and she liked him in consequence. I did not mean to detain Miss Carlyon more than a few minutes when I begged the honor of an interview."

"Mr. Selwyn has been telling me a piece of news, auntie," Doris said, carelessly, pulling at the fringe of a little scarf she wore, till the delicate fabric tore into shreds under her passionate fingers.

"For, has he now?" the old lady returned.

"May I hear it? I like news. My dear child, you are pulling your scarf to pieces."

"Am I?" Doris said, looking at it. "No, I am, I declare. How stupid of me!"

And she flung the fanciful little thing from her, and let it lie in fragments on the carpet.

Selwyn stooped and picked it up, unnoticed by Mrs. Bellow.

"In momentary," he whispered as he thrust it into his breast. Then aloud, "You have not told Mrs. Bellow your news, Miss Carlyon."

"Have I not? I thought I had. Well, auntie dear, we are going to lose Mr. Selwyn."

"Lose him, child?"

"Yes, he is going away."

"Ah, yes, going to be married I suppose, like all the young men. I wondered how long you'd rest without a wife, young sir."

"I assure you I have no such intention, my dear madam," he said, with a smile that was not pleasant to look upon. "I had, but the lady was not favorable to my suit."

"What a pity," said the garrulous old lady, mentally running over all the girls in the neighborhood, and wondering which of them had refused the rising young surgeon.

"But there, I suppose it's all for the best. That's what people always say in such cases. Maybe the lady and you would have counted all after all if you had come together."

"Maybe not, madam."

"But that just my news," Doris said, somewhat sharply. "The fair lady's refusal, or some other urgent cause, is driving Mr. Selwyn to the other side of the world."

"To where?"

"To Australia, madam."

"Goodness gracious, what do you want there?"

"To set up as a gentleman," said Doris, quietly, but with such bitter contempt in her tone and look that Selwyn could have struggled for where she stood.

"And that won't be much trouble," Mrs. Bellow said, kindly, for she liked the young man. "He's ready-made for the business here."

"Thank you, madam."

"And when do you go?"

"As soon as I can set my house in order at home. I have nothing to keep me in England."

"But can you afford it? Excuse me if I seem importunate. I am an old woman, you know, and may ask questions. Have you any capital to start with when you get there?"

"I shall have before I sail," he replied, and she could ask no more though she worried Doris with all sorts of questions after he was gone, to which the heiress only made very vague and unsatisfactory replies.

"She knew nothing but the fact," she declared. "Mr. Selwyn had told her nothing more."

"She was so snappish and short in her answers that Mrs. Bellow was fain to be silent, and from the time of Mr. Selwyn's announcement of his intentions the heiress took what her aunt called one of her restless fits, and ended by starting off to London one day.

without any attendant, on "particular business."

She came back at night, very tired, and seemingly a good deal worried, but had no explanation to give of her sudden journey.

"I wanted to see Madame Elise about those autumn dresses, for one thing," she said, languidly, in answer to a remark from Mrs. Bellw. "and it's a long time to have to wait for her."

Mrs. Bellw. would have been very much astonished had she known where her niece had gone.

Straight from the station she had driven to a quiet-looking jeweler's shop in a fashionable West-end street. It was next door to a large pawnbroking establishment, where the three golden balls glittered in the sunlight over the door, and where needy folks took their valuables to raise what money they might for present needs.

No mean or vulgar phrases were taken in at Mr. Vanburgh's—no workmen's tools, or the clothes of laborers, or the shivering wretches, who had to choose between hunger and cold.

There were plenty of poor souls in the back streets for such as these, and Mr. Vanburgh's customers never had them come between the wind and their mobility in any way.

"Anything would have been better than this!" she said to herself. "I had better have obtained my gold publicly through my agent, or even have asked my proud, eccentric cousin, Ernest Dornier, to help me than to have come to this man. He would have mortified me for me. I have a great mind to get out of this place and go to my home."

She would not have had far to go, for Ernest Dornier was the gentleman who had been closeted with Mr. Vanburgh. He had struck up an acquaintance with him in a country shop on the continent, and had found him a well-educated, gentlemanly man, so the acquaintance had been carried on, and Ernest Dornier had spent many a pleasant hour in the well-appointed house of the famous pawnbroker. It was a rare thing for him to go to his place of business, but a notification of some recently arrived curiosities had tempted him thither on that day.

"Well," he said, as the pawnbroker entered, "what does the fair negotiator want?"

"What?"

"Six thousand pounds."

"A modest request for a lady. Are you going to let her have it?"

"Well, I'm hesitating between two opinions—whether to take her at her word, or to send for the police. She says she's your cousin, Doris Carlyn."

"Doris Carlyn? Nonsense!"

"She says so, and she has brought these things to pledge."

He opened the case one by one, and Ernest Dornier rubbed his eyes and stared at them in amazement.

"They are her jewels, surely enough," he said. "I can swear to every one of them. But has she brought them?"

For answer the pawnbroker drew aside the little curtain, and motioned to him to look through. The corner was in shadow, so that he could see nothing of the things without being seen. It was Doris, sure enough. Doris in one of her tantrums, he said to himself, for she was walking up and down like a caged panther, with flashing eyes and heaving bosom. She fancied she had been specially insulted by the question Mr. Vanburgh had put to her, and was indignant accordingly.

"You may lend the money with perfect safety," Ernest said, returning to his seat. "If you want further security than these jewels, I will give it. The lady is Miss Carlyn. Do not let her know I have seen her."

"Certainly not," replied the pawnbroker. And calling his managing man to number and write the description of the goods to be left in pledge, he hurried back to inform Doris Carlyn, with much urbanity, that she could have the money within an hour.

"Then you have changed your mind?" she asked, scornfully. "You do not think the interference of the police will be necessary?"

Mr. Vanburgh smirked and protested. He had only been examining the jewels, and begged to know how Miss Carlyn would have the money.

Miss Carlyn would have it in notes, one thousand at a time, and would wait for it if the pawnbroker would allow her.

Mr. Vanburgh was only too happy, and Doris was conducted to a luxuriously furnished little room, his own private sanctum, when he chose not to be at home, and furnished with a newspaper, and offered refreshment, to while away the time while the clerk was gone with a check to the bank.

She never dreamed that she had been seen and identified, least of all by Ernest Dornier, who left the shop fairly determined to find out what his cousin Doris wanted such a sum of money in secret for.

"She would have had no difficulty in getting it openly," he said. "There's something underhand going on. I shall try and find it out."

A week later Amphlett Selwyn stood on the deck of the good ship *Atlantia*, from Southampton to Melbourne, waiting the arrival of Miss Carlyn's agent. He knew it was all right, for he had received information from her that she had a letter from him, forthcoming, but to his amazement, instead of a man of business, there tripped on deck Miss Carlyn herself, accompanied by Mrs. Bellw.

"I don't believe we shall ever get back safe," said that old lady, in dismay at the water, "but Doris would come to say good-bye. Don't you think you had better stay at home, Mr. Selwyn?"

"No, madam, I do not. I feel deeply honored by this demonstration, Miss Carlyn."

"You have no need. It was curiosity that brought me here. I wanted to see what these big ocean steamers were like. I came over in a sailing vessel from Mexico."

She drew a little packet from her pocket as she spoke, and put it into his hand.

"To somewhere and count them," she said, shortly. "Auntie and I will stay here while."

He pointed to seats and left them, and returned in a very few minutes with a pleased face.

"Right?" she asked.

"To a fraction."

"And you are satisfied?"

"I am."

"And will keep your promise?"

"I will."

"Then it is a final good-bye?"

"Quite."

Then shake hands on it, and good-bye, Mr. Selwyn. We will get ashore. Mind, good-bye does not mean that you are not to write. We shall be happy to hear of your welfare."

"She would be happier to hear of his death," thought Selwyn to himself, catching sight of her face, which was turned away for a moment. "Thank you, Miss Carlyn; you are very kind."

"Not at all. Come, auntie, my good-bye."

Unless you will favor me with full particulars, and inform me how you came by these things, I must—"

"Have me arrested for a thief, I suppose," she said, passionately, throwing back her veil and confronting him. "I wanted to borrow some money privately, not to have it blazoned to all the world."

"It will not be; my business is strictly private, madam."

"Do you know me now?"

A vague idea that he had crossed Mr. Vanburgh's mind, but he wasn't quite sure. "I have not that honor," he said.

"I am Miss Carlyn, of Kingston Grange. Will that satisfy you?"

Hardly. Mr. Vanburgh had a dim idea that he had seen the splendid lady here before, but the plain dress, and the fact of the lady being alone, made him doubtful.

"Will you allow me to consult with my manager?" he said, handsly. "The jewels will be quite safe in my keeping."

"I am quite aware of that," she said, laughingly. "I am somewhat well known to make any tampering with my property possible."

He took up the cases and left the room, and Doris Carlyn sat waiting, every nerve quivering with indignation.

"Anything would have been better than this!" she said to herself. "I had better have obtained my gold publicly through my agent, or even have asked my proud, eccentric cousin, Ernest Dornier, to help me than to have come to this man. He would have mortified me for me. I have a great mind to get out of this place and go to my home."

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"Doris Carlyn? Nonsense!"

"She says so, and she has brought these things to pledge."

He opened the case one by one, and Ernest Dornier rubbed his eyes and stared at them in amazement.

"They are her jewels, surely enough," he said. "I can swear to every one of them. But has she brought them?"

For answer the pawnbroker drew aside the little curtain, and motioned to him to look through. The corner was in shadow, so that he could see nothing of the things without being seen. It was Doris, sure enough. Doris in one of her tantrums, he said to himself, for she was walking up and down like a caged panther, with flashing eyes and heaving bosom. She fancied she had been specially insulted by the question Mr. Vanburgh had put to her, and was indignant accordingly.

"You may lend the money with perfect safety," Ernest said, returning to his seat. "If you want further security than these jewels, I will give it. The lady is Miss Carlyn. Do not let her know I have seen her."

"Certainly not," replied the pawnbroker. And calling his managing man to number and write the description of the goods to be left in pledge, he hurried back to inform Doris Carlyn, with much urbanity, that she could have the money within an hour.

"Then you have changed your mind?" she asked, scornfully. "You do not think the interference of the police will be necessary?"

Mr. Vanburgh smirked and protested. He had only been examining the jewels, and begged to know how Miss Carlyn would have the money.

Miss Carlyn would have it in notes, one thousand at a time, and would wait for it if the pawnbroker would allow her.

Mr. Vanburgh was only too happy, and Doris was conducted to a luxuriously furnished little room, his own private sanctum, when he chose not to be at home, and furnished with a newspaper, and offered refreshment, to while away the time while the clerk was gone with a check to the bank.

She never dreamed that she had been seen and identified, least of all by Ernest Dornier, who left the shop fairly determined to find out what his cousin Doris wanted such a sum of money in secret for.

"She would have had no difficulty in getting it openly," he said. "There's something underhand going on. I shall try and find it out."

A week later Amphlett Selwyn stood on the deck of the good ship *Atlantia*, from Southampton to Melbourne, waiting the arrival of Miss Carlyn's agent. He knew it was all right, for he had received information from her that she had a letter from him, forthcoming, but to his amazement, instead of a man of business, there tripped on deck Miss Carlyn herself, accompanied by Mrs. Bellw.

"I don't believe we shall ever get back safe," said that old lady, in dismay at the water, "but Doris would come to say good-bye. Don't you think you had better stay at home, Mr. Selwyn?"

"No, madam, I do not. I feel deeply honored by this demonstration, Miss Carlyn."

"You have no need. It was curiosity that brought me here. I wanted to see what these big ocean steamers were like. I came over in a sailing vessel from Mexico."

She drew a little packet from her pocket as she spoke, and put it into his hand.

"To somewhere and count them," she said, shortly. "Auntie and I will stay here while."

He pointed to seats and left them, and returned in a very few minutes with a pleased face.

"Right?" she asked.

"To a fraction."

"And you are satisfied?"

"I am."

"And will keep your promise?"

"I will."

"Then it is a final good-bye?"

"Quite."

Then shake hands on it, and good-bye, Mr. Selwyn. We will get ashore. Mind, good-bye does not mean that you are not to write. We shall be happy to hear of your welfare."

"She would be happier to hear of his death," thought Selwyn to himself, catching sight of her face, which was turned away for a moment. "Thank you, Miss Carlyn; you are very kind."

"Not at all. Come, auntie, my good-bye."

to Mr. Selwyn, and let us go."

"And you are going off, Doris, without even giving him the messages, after all?" Mrs. Bellw. said, rummaging in her bag; "and you took such pains to get them."

"Perhaps Mr. Selwyn won't care for them, auntie dear. He may not give his faith on such matters. It is only a specific against sea-sickness, which my father used to dole out to me, and which I myself found most efficacious. Will you try them? One should be allowed to do so. They are not at all disagreeable."

She spoke nonchalantly, like a child repeating a lesson, and held out a flat, oblong packet to him without looking into his face. For answer he took it from her without a word, and looking her full in the face, hurried it as far as his strong arm could send it into the water. Then he turned on his heel and walked away without another word.

The little packet floated on the still water of the harbor, and Doris stood looking at it with a strange, absent expression on her face.

"What a rude young man!" Mrs. Bellw. began, when she was checked by an incident which brought every one in wild amazement to that side of the ship.

A gentleman who had been standing close enough to hear what had passed watched the flight of the packet through the air, and then touched a sailor at his side on the shoulder.

"Can you swim, my man?" he asked.

"Like a duck, sir."

"Fetch me that parcel before it sinks, and I'll give you five pounds."

Over went the man with a pounce and a splash, and Doris Carlyn, starting back at the noise, found herself face to face with her cousin, Ernest Dornier.

(To be continued in our next.)

TALES OF THE OPERAS.

GUSTAVUS THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

THE KING'S LOVE.

Gustavus the Third, who succeeded the throne of Sweden at the latter end of the eighteenth century, was during his short but brilliant reign, greatly and deservedly beloved by his subjects, and lower classes of his subjects, to whom he dealt out justice with a firm and even hand, but always with a kindly hand—and, in short, was in every sense of the phrase, a true, honest, and upright King of the Commons.

But the nobility viewed this state of things with unpeppery annoyance, and ultimately so deep and wide-spread a feeling of discontent pervaded the highest circles of Stockholm, that finally exploded a secret conspiracy which aimed at the dethronement of the King.

Such was the state of affairs in the capital on the morning of one of the late days appointed by Gustavus for the recreation of the humbler portions of his subjects, when a more than usual crowd of nobles, courtiers, diplomats, artists, citizens and peasants had assembled in the superb state-chamber communicating with his Majesty's private apartments. They were waiting the entrance of the King, who was invariably held at mid-day during the King's residence in Stockholm.

A detachment of Swedish Grenadiers of the Guard lined the principal entrance to the apartment, and numerous knots of visitors stood chatting and conversing in groups, which well-filled the vast saloon.

In the recesses of a somewhat retired window the Countess De Horna and the Marquis de Warrington were seated, surrounded by a circle of the nobles, who were gossiping eagerly, and exchanging views on that very subdued manner which indicated extreme caution, about something new.

"It is positively unbearable," said the Marquis. "I, for my part, can endure it no longer."

"Nor can we," replied more than one of the nobles with whom he was conversing.

"Hush, my lord," interrupted the Countess. "In these divided times, when the King is so ill, we must be careful of our words."

"We are already suspected, and I have reason to believe that Ankarstrom's spies have been set upon our track. Until the hour comes to strike, he must be in the grave, unless we are alone; and even then it is not so certain that we shall not meet the traitor with a face, and be more than ever contemptible and submissive to our king."

"Were it not for the presence of you noble men, among whom he is so popular, my sword should form an introduction to his head, and his blood this very morning, would be another of his graves."

"I must have to miss of this, my lord," repeated De Horna, in a stern whisper.

"Would you lax our enterprise by these words?" "Your sword would not be half so effective as mine, but we should be sure to succeed by the small arms which we have secured you for to welcome his appearance."

"But—"

"Not one word more, or I withdraw from our compact. You have unanimously named me leader of this great but perilous undertaking, and I command you absolute silence until the moment for action shall arrive."

The noble conspirator who had been addressed in this curt and imperious manner was suddenly about to reply, when the doors of the King's private apartments were thrown open, and his favorite page, Oscar, came forward announcing his Majesty. For a moment there was profound silence, and then, amid the exclamations of the citizens and peasants, and the more courtly, but less sincere, salutations of the glittering throng, Gustavus entered the saloon.

After graciously receiving many petitions, and listening to several verbal entreaties from the humbler portions of his subjects, to whom he generally gave audience first, the King immediately joined a group of artists, and chatted pleasantly about his new opera house, on the embellishments of which he was bestowing great expense and care.

"Well, Roslin," said he, familiarly tapping the young painter on the shoulder, "has completed the Venus of the centre panel?"

"Good night, your Majesty."

"Good. I will look at this afternoon, and find more work for thy facile pencil." Then turning to the most renowned of Swedish sculptors, he continued, "And what think'st thou, friend Sengell, of the new position I have chosen for thy Spartan Gladiator?"

"Sir, I only received intelligence of your Majesty's wishes late last evening, but I think so highly of the alteration that I have already caused my work to be removed there."

"And thou dost really deem my alteration an improvement?" somewhat anxiously inquired Gustavus.

"Sir," replied the rugged, plain, outspoken sculptor, "if I had not thought so, I should, with your Majesty's permission, have withdrawn my work, rather than have consented to its removal."

"Hail! hail! I do believe thou wouldst, even though thy Sovereign Lord and King commanded otherwise," responded Gustavus, with great gratification.

And so for well-nigh half an hour did the illustrious patron of art continue pleasantly gossiping with his artists, and nobles waited, and looked on, and walked to and fro through the vast saloon with impatience and contempt. Even the principal ballet-master obtained a private hearing while he explained and dilated on the preparations for the grand gala for the grand masque, with which the King was about to open his new opera house on the following evening.

At length Gustavus turned his attention to the more legitimate business of the morning—namely, the reception of those whose rank, or official standing, or military and civil appointments conferred on them the privilege of unquestioned access to their Sovereign.

And the monarch dispensed his smiles, and favors, and promises, and attentions, and confidences among the brilliant throng with unceasing look-alike the close of the leaves.

The last of the crowd of courtiers had departed, and the King had languidly seated himself in a recess of one of the windows, gazing listlessly on the magnificent gardens below, when his favorite page appeared, and presented a paper.

"May it please your Majesty, the list of invitations for to-morrow evening's masked ball."

"Ah!" readily but gently said the King, as he took the paper; "that is a most important affair to you, Oscar, no doubt."

"Oh, very," replied the saucy and much indulged boy.

"Well, let us see of whom our guests are to consist. The Duchess of Holberg, the Duchess of Gothland, the Countess de Warrington, the Countess Ankarstrom. And on reading this name, Gustavus suddenly smiled, as if overcome by irresistible emotion.

"It is very strange," thought Oscar, "that I have observed for a long time that, whenever her name is mentioned, he becomes for a moment quite unmannered."

"She will be there," murmured Gustavus to himself. "I cannot avoid seeing her. Oh, how my poor heart beats with mingled joy and pain! Go," continued he to the page.

"I would be alone, please me."

As Oscar was about to retire, Count Ankarstrom, the King's most trusted and worthy friend, entered the apartment.

"His Majesty desires to be alone," whispered the page; "but I am certain the order could not be meant to apply to you, Count, and so saying, he quitted the saloon."

Ankarstrom, who was most devotedly attached to his royal master, seemed at first undecided whether to advance or retire; but, on reading this name, Gustavus suddenly smiled, as if overcome by irresistible emotion.

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would fall a sacrifice. He therefore offered to take charge of her himself, pledging his word of honor not to seek to discover who she was, but to conduct her in safety to the city gates.

After much hesitation on the part of Gustavus, he was ultimately prevailed on, and indeed forced to consent to this, his only mode of escape; and he had scarcely disappeared through the bye-path among the rocks before the conspirators were seen cautiously emerging from the main road, and then stealthily advancing through the gloom towards Ankarstrom and the veiled lady, whom he little suspected to be his own wife.

"Come, lady," said the Count: "I have sworn to guide you in safety to the city gates, and I will keep my word."

"Would I were dead," murmured the trembling woman.

"Ha! what means this? Who and what are ye?" demanded Ankarstrom, in stern, commanding tones, as, on turning to depart, he perceived the conspirators within a few paces of him.

"Tis not the King!" exclaimed De Horn. "No; the King is not here, sir," replied Ankarstrom, with a grim smile.

"Can it be possible that this is Count Ankarstrom?" inquired the other, with undisguised astonishment.

"Even so, gentlemen. I need not inquire further who you are; and I beg to ask Count De Horn and De Warting what purpose has brought them here?"

"Item! Well, perhaps we came here, as you appear to have come—to meet a lady," responded De Horn.

"Moreover," added De Warting, "as you have been so much more fortunate than we, you will, as compensation for our disappointment, permit us to steal a glance at the fair face of the closely-veiled creature whom we see beside you."

"Stand back! Approach her, and you die!" exclaimed Ankarstrom, drawing his sword.

"Nay; if that is to be the game, Count, you will find it rather a perilous one to play!" responded De Horn, drawing his sword, an example which was followed by several more conspirators; while others of the party produced torches from beneath their mantles, which, when lighted, threw a lurid glare upon the thickening mists.

For some few moments Ankarstrom, who was a magnificent swordsman, held his ground, even against both the conspirators who had originally commenced the quarrel, but his foot slipping on the newly-fallen snow, he fell heavily to the earth, and would most assuredly have become a victim to their ungenerous hatred, had not his wife, unable to control herself at the sight of her husband's danger, rushed frantically between him and his assailants.

In the struggle that ensued, her veil and hood were torn, or fell from her face.

Her husband gazed on her as if transfixed to the spot, while all around looked on with undisguised amazement.

"His wife—his own wife!"

"Upon my honor, this is a strange adventure!" at last said De Horn. "Come, let us depart, or we may be surprised in our turn."

"Pha! fear nothing," replied De Warting, with sardonic irony. "What harm can befall us while in the society of the King's favorite friend?"

"His mortal enemy, sir," said Ankarstrom, with an intensity that averted his hearers. "We must meet again, at your house or mine?"

"As you please."

"At mine, then."

"When?"

"To-morrow, at seven."

"I shall expect you. And now, madame, I have sworn to guide you in safety to the gates of Stockholm. Once more your hand."

And the Count, with stately step, and studied, but formal, politeness, led his well-nigh heart-broken wife through the rocky pass, until they disappeared in the distance. The conspirators, exchanging significant whispers and triumphant glances, slowly followed.

The unhappy and ill-starred Countess, who in vain protested to her stern lord that she had never sacrificed his honor, was not only compelled to witness the interview which took place between the infuriated man and the principal conspirators, among whom he instantly enrolled himself, but was forced to draw the little Fate, through her hands, thus assigned to Ankarstrom, of assassinating his unsuspecting Sovereign.

All were invited to the masked ball, which took place that evening; and the King, although anonymously warned of the danger which threatened him, persisted in appearing at it. The monarch's heedless temerity cost him his life, and inflicted on his people an irreparable loss. He was mercilessly shot down, in the midst of the revelry, by his late friend and companion; and expired, in great agony, almost upon the very spot where, a few minutes previously, he had been dancing a cotillon with the assassin's wife.

Had Gustavus been less careful of the welfare of his people, the assassin hand would have been stayed. As it was, the conspirators found their reward in their success. The plot against the unfortunate monarch had no reference to his dynasty, but was fomented and cherished on personal grounds alone; since his son succeeded him, and ruled under a Regency for four years ere he became King.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

If you are gaining little by little, every day, be content. Are your expenses less than your income, so that, though it be little by little, you are yet constantly accumulating, and growing richer and richer every day? Be content; so far as concerns money, you are doing very well.

Are you gaining knowledge every day? Though it be little by little, the aggregate of the accumulation, where no day is permitted to pass without adding something to the stock, will be surprising to yourself.

Solomon did not become the wisest man in the world in a minute. Little by little—never omitting to learn something, even for a single day—always reading, always studying a little between the time of rising up in the morning and lying down at night; this is the way to accumulate a full storehouse of knowledge.

Finally, are you daily improving in character? Be not discouraged because it is little by little. The best of men fall far short of what they themselves would wish to be. It is something, it is much, if you keep your good resolutions better to-day than you did yesterday, better this week than you did last, better this year than you did last year. Strive to be perfect, but do not become disheartened so long as you are approaching nearer and nearer to the high standard at which you aim.

Little by little, fortunes are accumulated; little by little, knowledge is gained; little by little, character and reputation are achieved.

SAVED.

A WIFE'S STORY.

Can a woman hinder fate? And could I hinder or stop the tide of love which came into my heart for Allan Starr? Did I not know the man as well, better than those who warned me against him? If he was in the wrong, then so much the more need of a love strong as death to set him right. How could I turn down that which had been sent to crown my life; and, above all, how could I turn from him, since every step but increased the distance which might lie between us for all eternity?

Once, just once, he doubted me. He had heard that friends were trying to influence me against him, and in the heat of his mad passion he came up to see me. Anger, intense anger and desperation were in his blazing eyes, and the fiercest reproach upon his haughty lips, as he faced me, the first time he ever frowned upon me in all my life.

"So you have given me over, like the rest of them? I thank you," he said, in freezing tones.

"I? What do you mean, Allan? I asked: 'I mean that the one who dares to speak words which shall take you away from me, must be brave enough to face death itself; for I will—'

"I sprang up and covered his quivering lips with both my hands.

"Don't say it, Allan," I cried. "I am yours always. Oh, do keep back the wicked words!"

He caught me in his arms, and burst into tears.

I believe I never saw a man break down wholly before, and I never want to again. It was frightful to see my handsome, brave lover so shaken with stormy sobs. But I knew then how well he loved me; ah! I knew then.

When he was quiet, he made me go upon my knees, and with my hand lifted towards heaven, swear that I would be his for ever, in spite of all that the whole world might say. I was glad enough to do it; and when, afterwards, he added, with his hand clasping mine and both raised, "As I do by thee, so may Divine Justice do by me henceforth," though his terrible earnestness made me shiver a little, I was thankful to feel that we trusted each other at last, and were past all doubting for ever.

We were married soon after, and our life began together. I knew well enough what mine would be. I had not come to a path full of soft, fragrant flowers. It was to be the fearful, if not a long struggle—likely both; for, either I must turn the current of my darling's life, or we should go down together. No earthly power could separate us now. But I was strong in the great love I bore him, and my heart never once faltered.

For a month after our marriage he came home regularly; his apparent occupation was head clerk in a well-known firm; but I knew, oh pity! that his real employment was far enough removed from anything as honorable as that—but then he began to return later, until one, two, three, and sometimes four o'clock would strike without bringing him.

I had resolved at first that I would always remain up until he came, thinking that I might thus have more hold upon him. My business was to save him. Nothing was too hard to be done if I might but reach that goal at last.

As I said, he began to return later now, and there grew to be a haggard look upon his face which I was dreadful to see, since I knew, only too well, what brought it there. But I tried to be patient; and whenever he came, was careful not to make the slightest allusion to the lateness of the hour. It would not do to vex him. We sat down to supper, for I persisted in having it invariably at his return; and though I have seen his eyes fill many and many a time when he looked at me steadily as he had a way of doing, he did not tell me his thoughts, and I pretended not to notice while I attended to his wants.

It is an awful thing for a woman to see the husband of her love going down steadily, but surely before her eyes, and to know that she is powerless to save him, whose hands were scarcely fit to live, could still cling to them; but though Allan was tender and kind when with me, I could understand now, by my own heart, how it was that they bore everything rather than separation.

A year went by, and no visible change came; but the constant anxiety took upon my face. I wanted to keep the signs back, but I could not. Friends noticed it, and among them the aunt who had taken my dear mother's place. She had never liked my husband; and the anniversary of our marriage she came, in solemn state, "to inquire into matters," as she termed it.

"You are looking poorly, my child," she said, opening the subject at once. "Your marriage is, perhaps, unhappy?"

"There could not be a kinder husband than Allan," my face flushing in a moment.

"He has never spoken a harsh word to me," she went on, ignoring my indignation; "and we all know that Mr. Starr is not what he ought to be."

"That was more than any wife should bear tamely. I rose at once.

"Such words must neither be addressed to his wife, nor spoken under his roof," I said, angrily.

"My home is open to you, nevertheless," she urged, with her keen eyes which I hated, because I feared them, upon my face.

"My home is here, where my heart is," I retorted. "I desire no other;" and with that our interview closed.

Allan heard in some way that my aunt had called; and he would not be satisfied until I had told him her exact words.

"She is right," he said bitterly. "You would be far better off under her roof than under mine."

"I knew he did it only to try me, for he had not the ghost of a fear that I should choose my home away from him."

"I did not see fit to tell her so," I replied.

"But you believe it? You believe it, then?"

His breath seemed to stop with the intensity of his desire to read what was really in my heart, and he would have wormed the truth from me whatever it had been.

"No, I did not believe it, Allan," I responded, quietly, meeting and answering the questioning doubt which for the moment had leaped into his eyes. "Wherever you are taking me to, your own soul tells you I am powerless, and must from choice follow."

"You are a good, true angel," he said, with a strange tenderness upon his lips; but though I was certain he loved me with a strong man's strength, he did not, alas! love me well enough to leave the gambler's den which was fast drawing him on to ruin.

Another year went by, and still another year was added to it, and all that love could suggest or ingenuity invent, had failed in accomplishing my purpose. I was forced to acknowledge this, and the admission made me tremble. Was I, indeed, then, to go down

with this man, to whom I was bound by all the ties which can bind a human heart to that of another, down to an endless perdition? Or could I break the cord, and let him drift on alone? Drift on, out into the loneliness, boundless sea which swallows up the victims so pitilessly and leaves no sign?

"No, no," I cried, with my hands clasped over my horror-stricken eyes, to shut out the picture which my imagination so wildly portrayed.

The fourth year after our marriage—four years seems like eternity to travel such a road as I have been travelling—Allan came home at dusk; and while I wondered what had come over him to bring up the new and astonishing exultation which I saw upon his face, he led me into the library and stepped before a painting of myself, which had been one of my wedding presents from him.

"Four years ago that was an exact likeness of my wife," he said. "She has changed since then."

"But little, I trust," I answered.

"She became my wife freely," he went on; "knowing well that I was what the world calls, truly enough, a wicked man."

"Always good to me," I said, through my tears, laying my hand trustingly in his.

"Always cruel to you, my love, since he thought more of his own chosen sins, than of your peace and pleasure. But the wife who loved me, thank heaven, and who has stood bravely by me, has conquered at last. For a year I have been a free man, free and honest; and this is my new year's present to you, best and truest of women."

I was sobbing in his arms, so thankful and happy. I thought heaven itself must have fallen to my feet. Our little child, who is fast getting towards his teens, would never believe his father had ever been other than the best of men, as, indeed, I hardly would myself.

I am thankful, every day of my life, that I listened to my heart's promptings, instead of the counsel of those who meant, I know, to help me, but who would have ruined us both, had their wishes been fulfilled.

A MEMORABLE RIDE.

BY A CANADIAN FARMER'S WIFE.

"Hadin't you better leave the door unfastened, Ellen?" said my husband, as I turned the key in the lock, then dropped it into my pocket.

"I don't know," I said, doubtfully; then, after a moment's hesitation, "No, I think it had better be fastened. The children might get out and run down to the gate at the foot of the meadow to play, and it is but a step from there to the creek, you know."

He made no reply, but stooped down and looked at some part of the harness with a slightly perplexed air.

"What is the matter now?" I said, with some asperity.

The truth is, my husband belonged to that numerous class of individuals whose motto is, never to do today what they can put off until to-morrow; while I, on the contrary, was prompt and decided. With me to will and to do were synonymous, and I had little mercy for such a failing.

"I fancy this little piece of time will bring us through this time, but I will certainly mend it to-morrow," he replied, as I climbed into the clumsy, old-fashioned phaeton.

The harness being adjusted to his satisfaction, if not to mine, he seated himself beside me, and nodding a last good-bye to the little faces pressed against the window-pane, we drove off.

Our cottage was situated in the little valley lying to the south-west of what was at that time the village of Laney, in Canada. A hill of considerable height stood between us and the village, on our side a verdure-crowned gently rising slope, on the other a more abrupt descent, with a rather circuitous road winding past little cottages and farm-houses of more or less pretension.

Our present errand was to the shop, to which we carried our produce as it accumulated from time to time, and received in exchange groceries, clothes, &c. Our road consisted in part of a basket of eggs; consequently we were obliged to drive rather slowly to save them. I left, as I had often done before, the younger children to the care of Grace, who, though but eight years, had a mind far in advance of her years, and who was never more pleased than when entrusted with some similar duty or responsibility. I charged her not to take the baby from the cradle, but to rock him gently to sleep if he wakened, or, if he would not sleep, to amuse him with his playthings until our return.

It was a lovely day in the latter part of September, copious showers of rain had alternated with mid-summer's sun, and the freshness of the verdure was still undimmed. It was scarcely yet time for the "sere and yellow leaf," though the maples had hung out their golden banners, as if to try the effect of contrast with the living green of the other forest trees. The birds still sang cheerily as they fluttered to and fro in the hedgerows; and numerous little ground squirrels were seen along the fence-rails, drowsing sullenly and disappearing mysteriously.

Old Whitley ambled along after his usual monotonous fashion; and we soon reached our destination. I had a number of articles to purchase and examine, as well as the merits of a new churn to discuss; and, just as we had settled all to our satisfaction, a neighbor whom we had not seen for some time came in, which detained us still longer, so that when we turned our horse's head homeward, I saw with some surprise, as well as a slight feeling of alarm, that the sun had already set, and the soft gray of twilight was stealing up the valley. Our road was a pretty heavy one, my husband having purchased several agricultural implements, of no great weight individually, but collectively making no small weight for one horse; so that though we were necessarily anxious to get home, we were obliged still to drive moderately, particularly as the road was not only hilly, but rough.

Chatting upon the various little items of gossip which we had heard, we drove on until we had nearly reached the top of the hill, when, turning to make some remark to my husband, I saw a change come over his face, which struck me with a sudden terror. He was pale as a corpse.

"Look!" he said, in a voice hoarse with emotion, pointing in the direction of our home.

My heart gave a sudden bound, then fell, like a lump of lead, in my bosom. A cloud of thick, dense smoke, distinctly defined against the clear sky beyond, rose above the tree-tops. I tried to speak, but I could not utter a word. At last I said, stammering my voice, "I think it must be Morrison's. Let it be the left of our house?"

"No!" he said, quickly, as he seized his whip, and urged Old Whitley to his utmost speed. "Don't you remember that when we are at the top of the hill the smoke from our chimney rises just over the centre of that little group of cedars?"

Alas! I did remember; and as he spoke, we reached the summit and saw enough to

change our fears to certainty. Neither spoke, but each turned and looked at the other with quivering lips and dilating eyes.

"My heavens! and I had looked there in?" I was fairly beside myself, frantic with terror. I felt as if I must leap from the vehicle, and fly to my rescue.

"Old Whitley seemed to understand that life or death depended upon his efforts, and he exerted himself nobly. On we flew, down the hill, dashing through the stones, the little break that crossed the road, over the tumble-down bridge, whose rotten boards rattled and started up from their places, past the hedge-moss, that looked like one continuous mass of dying green; past the little cottages, with the startled children staring from the doors, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing, but to rescue our darlings. I buried my face in my hands, and rocked to and fro in my seat almost bereft of life. I thought of the scene which might be awaiting us. Imaginations conjured up all the dreadful tales I had heard or read, to add to my horror. Once only I raised my head, and saw, or fancied I saw, slender tongues of flame cleaving the mass of smoke, which had by this time increased fearfully in volume and density.

At last, after what seemed an age, but was in reality only a few minutes, we reached the bottom of the lane which led to our cottage. The angle was a sharp one, and we turned with such speed as to send the hind wheels of the old phaeton spinning, high in the air. How I got out I never knew. I am sure I did not wait for the horse to be stopped. Rushing to the door, I threw myself against it with such force as to break it in. The room was full of smoke; but as the opening door dissipated it a little, I saw that it was empty! Then, suffocated by the smoke, and overpowered by excitement, I fell fainting to the floor.

When consciousness returned, I found myself in the house of a neighbor, with the children all about me, pretty well frightened, of course, but entirely unharmed. How the fire originated was a mystery which we never could unravel. Grace, sitting with her back to the stove, and with her attention entirely absorbed by the pictures in the family Bible, did not see it until! However, the Newfoundland dog, who had been before quietly dozing by her side, attracted her notice by his evident uneasiness; and, after which she sprang through the window, fortunately, she escaped with such bodily vigor, that, running at full speed to the nearest house, soon returned with some of its inmates. Grace, in the meantime, after letting down the two elder children through the window, which was only about four feet from the ground, took the baby from the cradle, and was about to follow when the neighbors arrived. The house being old, and built, as such houses usually are, of the most combustible materials, notwithstanding all its efforts, soon became a blackened, smoking ruin.

Rover and Old Whitley lived to a good old age, and were ever afterwards held in affectionate remembrance for their services on that occasion.

One evening, about a year afterwards, as we sat in our new house, built on the site of the old one, but more commodious and comfortable in every respect, I remarked that the fire had benefited us in at least one way, for unless the old house had been actually consumed, we should never have had the new one.

"I have felt the benefit of it in another way," said my husband, gravely; "it has taught me never to put off doing anything which should be done at once until a more convenient season."

Had given way on that day, where I mended it so slightly before we started, although it would not have interfered with the safety of the children, I would have added tenfold to our anxiety, because it would have delayed our reaching them. I made a vow then that if we were permitted to reach home without accident, I would use my utmost endeavors to overcome the habit of procrastination; and I think you will allow that I have been pretty successful, so that, in more than one respect, we have reason to regard that as a "memorable ride."

THE BECKONING HAND.

A few years ago I spent the dreary month of November on the Atlantic. We had unusually boisterous weather, even for the time of year; but this did not deter voyagers, for our vessel, a very large and most provokingly slow one, was crowded with men, women, and children, from many lands.

There was the cheerful English workman, patient and hopeful of the good time coming; the canny Scotchman, boastful of "Auld Reekie;" Irish in plenty; a small sprinkling of French, among them an individual who darkly hinted at wonderful adventures, great wealth, and a title, for some mysterious reason, resigned, but who was, however, strongly suspected of having a little fiddle among his luggage, and of being a disciple of Terpsichore, on a mission of grace and deportment to the fashionable of New York and Washington.

The Germans represented the majority; and among them I found a lady whose appearance and evident superiority attracted my notice. She went by the name of Madame Vangelen, was a fair woman, young, with a dim, dreamy countenance, who had with her a little girl of about four years of age, whom it was easy to recognize as her daughter; not, however, so much from personal resemblance, as from the love that beamed from her every look and action. She seemed to devote herself entirely to her child; and yet her did not seem like the love which joys in the possession of the loved one, so much as that jealous, anxious, watchful affection, which is continually fearing or dreading the loss of its object.

Through noticing the child, I gained an introduction to Madame—an event I had rather wished, as I was an "unprotected female," and longed for companionship. She, to my great satisfaction, spoke English remarkably well, was refined, and evidently well educated, but there was a gravity about her that almost amounted to melancholy.

Her husband had not been a happy marriage; as, soon after her nuptials, and before the birth of the child, her husband left Germany for America, to fight in the civil war. That formidable convulsion being ended, he wrote for her and the child, whom he had never seen, to join him. Madame had a misgiving she felt that her husband would not be good or lasting. There were dark forebodings of approaching misfortune which destroyed all thoughts of pleasure in the anticipated meeting.

Evidently she was morbid, the effect of the anxiety she must have felt during the long separation. I seem to have caught a tone of dreary thought from her, for one restless night I had a singular vision, respecting Madame and her family.

I imagined she had, years before—yet she left the home of her father—found herself on the sea. From whence she came, or how she got there, was not known; but it was understood quite well she was never to leave the vessel, and that she was in great distress. But the part of the fancy that

seemed to trouble me most was that in which I saw a small band, rising just above the waves, which seemed to beckon the vessel onward.

I told this to Madame seriously, although it seemed to me absurd to attach so much importance to a mere fancy. Still, I mentally made some excuse for myself, as I had always been of a fanciful, imaginative turn, and in any way excited.

What was most singular Madame had a similar forecast of the future as to myself. After this confidence we became daily more intimate.

The end of our voyage at length drew near. It had been a protracted one, and we were all tired of seeing nothing but "the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky."

It was twilight; the time, nearly always a sad one, was especially so on that evening. The heavy, leaden-colored waves of the Atlantic broke with monotonous plash against the creaking, straining sides of the vessel; the engine heaved and moaned "like a giant heart in pain." A fog was fast gathering around us, and at intervals the signal gun gave warning voice. The few passengers who remained on deck were wistfully gazing westward, as if to catch through the gloom a view of the "Land of Promise."

The petrel, that harbinger of storm, whirled round the masts, and then, with a leading scream, was lost to sight in the surrounding mist.

Madame Vangelen, with her child and myself, still lingered on deck, not willing to return to the saloon while a streak of daylight yet remained.

The child had been playing near us. Suddenly, in the midst of something I was saying, Madame grasped my arm, and uttered the words, "My child!" There was nothing of noisy grief, or even of inquiry, in her tone, but there was what I can only describe as an agonized conviction, a terrible confirmation of a secret dread.

Looking straight before her, with swift but steady steps she advanced to the fore-part of the vessel. I, myself, felt no alarm, as there are so many places on the deck of a large ship where a child could hide, and yet be safe. I was more surprised at the conduct of the mother, and in a few moments was by her side. Her story gave me turned towards the waves. She seemed as incapable of speech or action as a statue.

Instantly my looks followed hers. Never shall I forget the sight that almost petrified me. Rising just above the waves, which were by that time black as a pall, was seen a tiny hand, like a lily thrown into that cruel sea. Nothing but the hand, white as marble against the ebon blackness; not a bit of drapery, not even a tress of the golden hair was visible; and—oh! it might have been, doubtless, the motion of the low, low, little hand beckoned, and then was gone from our sight for ever.

Attempt at rescue would have been useless; the child must have perished before the accident was well known. How it came about was never known. Probably it had chased one of the petrels which fly low, but seldom alight, and so, unnoticed, fell overboard.

And the mother? No noisy grief spoke her woe. She went to her room quietly, as one who has accepted her fate.

On the third day after this we reached land. What welcomes were given as brother greeted brother, friend met friend; wives were lovingly claimed by husbands, many of whom had fought and bled for the country of their adoption.

Suddenly my attention was attracted by the eager, anxious glances of a soldierly-looking man, who was searching here and there among the disembarking passengers. I saw him speak to an officer, when—oh! with what a woe-stricken face!—he sank on a seat near me. I could do no more than send up a prayer for the broken heart; for I knew that, in place of a loving wife and beautiful child, a cold, shrouded form awaited him; that she who had been his comfort and hope had passed into the world of spirits, in obedience to their child's beckoning hand!

ANCIENT TOILETS.

The Jews appear to have been early characterized by a predilection for showy dress, for cosmetics, jewelry, and perfumes, and for the care which they bestowed on various operations of the toilet, particularly those connected with the hair. According to Moses, the art of working in silver, gold and precious stones very early reached a state of considerable facility and excellence, as these materials were then commonly manufactured into ornaments to decorate the person. Abraham, we are told, "was very rich, in cattle, in silver, and in gold," so much so, indeed, that he paid "four hundred shekels of silver, current money," for a "burying-place" for his family. The description given us of his chief man servant presenting "a golden ear-ring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for the hand, of ten shekels weight of gold," to the beautiful Rebekah, who, tripping with her pitcher to the fountain, may serve to illustrate the usage, taste, and progress of this period, as may also the text which relates that the same "servant" subsequently "brought forth jewels of silver, jewels of gold and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah," and "gave also to her brother and to her mother precious things."

When the Israelites begged Aaron to make them "gods," which should "go before them," he replied, "Take of the golden earrings which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me."

The magnificence and luxury of the reign of Solomon were so remarkable that they have since formed the burden of a proverb. Perfumes and spices, always highly prized and expensive articles among the Jews, came into almost general use during his reign. Outriment, perfume, and perfume, the perfume of the golden eagle, in another passage, he informs us that "myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon" were used as scents by the courtiers of his day. These substances are also mentioned by the Psalmist: "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia." The singular fate of Absalom, another son of David, was occasioned, according to popular belief, by the kindness and extreme luxuriance of his hair. The traitor of another century in the history of the Israelites places before us a distinct notice of the use of skin cosmetics. We are told that the "proud Jeroboam," when preparing to meet King Jehu, "painted her face in painting," and "trod her head."

Many other notions, of an equally direct character, are to be found in the books of the Old Testament.

In later periods of the history of the Jews, as may be gleaned from both sacred and profane writers, the predilection for dress and jewelry, and the arts of the toilet, continued unabated, and surviving the vicissitudes of time and change, continues still to characterize this remarkable and scattered race.

The longest word in the English language is sniffler, because there is a snuffle between the first and last letters.

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R. J. C. WALKER, Publisher & Proprietor,
721 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Saturday Evening, May 30, 1874.

TAKING STOCK.

Some people are wonderfully endowed with this gift of stock-taking. We have seen it almost almost to a genius. You walk along the street in company with one of the gifted, and a lady passes. Hours after, you are seated at home, and you hear a conversation going on, in which the minute details of the dress of that lady whom you had casually met in the street are related at full length. What the color and materials of the bonnet, whether it was a "last year's bonnet," or a "this year's bonnet," the trimmings, the lining, the style, and then the dress, its brand and binding, its precise color to a shade, and when it was made, with the price! "Heavens!" you exclaim, "Where and how did you learn all this?" "Why, was it not easy to see at a glance?" And a glance was all, but it was enough to enable a genius of this order to "take stock" forthwith.

Men are accustomed to "take stock" of each other in like manner, though not to the same extent of the "trimmings." They are rather disposed to judge each other's character by their manners, conduct and conversation. Dress affords but a small index to character in men; though in the few the test is almost infallible. There is no hypocrisy about the few: he does not conceal his vanity; the very essence of the few is that he shows himself off. As the vain peacock spreads its tail feathers, so does he strut about, every movement saying, "Behold what a fine fellow am I!" You can take stock of such a person at once. Take him without his plumage, and you will find him generally a very small bird. He dwindles down into the veriest pigmy of a man. The few clothes his thoughts in coat and waistcoat of the newest cut, and is a man only to the extent to which the tailor has made him one.

Some take stock of each other by the nose. A man attempts to laugh heartily, when there is nothing to laugh at; you see at once that the laugh is an imposition, and that the pretended laughter is a hypocrite. There is nothing hearty or natural in the sound; it is a cut-and-dry sort of thing, always ready at command, but not genuine. You cannot help taking stock of such a person; the smile or the laugh at once puts you on your guard.

Napoleon had an odd fancy of judging men by the nose. He used to say, "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observations of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and head go together." There are, however, multitudes of exceptions to this rule.

Some take stock of those whom they meet by their head. Phenologists, often great hoaxes, are fond of this. They are forever reading bumps, and pronouncing character. They will measure your head with a pair of callipers, and set down in columns on a piece of paper the whole stock of animal propensities, moral sentiments, and intellectual faculties, that you are possessed of. They will soon cut them up for you, and strike an average, pretending to tell how you will act under such and such circumstances. There may be something in it. At all events, men are apt—even though not phenologists—to read each other by the head. A soldier, when he first sees Hannibal as a boy, was struck by his beautiful forehead. He said to his father, "During the last half-hour I have been conversing with William Hannibal's forehead."

The popular mode of taking stock is by the face. All are physiognomists, more or less, and judge one another by the features. Of expression of face, we say that it is "radiant with good nature," or "another," "he has all temper written in every feature of his face." Very pretty, but "silly," is not an uncommon award. But faces are very deceptive.

Some take stock of men by their manners. "He is quite the gentleman." Manners make the man; is a current notion in many quarters. Indeed, many men are so good-looking, that they are almost sure to be so. But this is a low estimate. Conversation is the test of others. It was said of Johnson, who was no drowser, that one could not converse with him for five minutes under a porch without discovering him to be a man of superior intelligence. Conversation is a test. Let a stupid man hold his tongue, and he may pass for wise; but let him open his mouth and speak, and let you "take stock" of him forthwith.

TENDER CORRESPONDENCE.—Making love by letter is a dangerous business. When the culture of passion is over—and like other fevers it does burn itself out—it is very unpleasant to the convalescent to have the evidences of his delirium cast as it were into his teeth. Recovered madmen do not like to be confronted with the ravings they uttered while in a state of hallucination. Still less do they relish having their rhapsodies submitted to the inspection of third parties. Society makes no allowance for the state of mind in which they were written. It holds the writer accountable for them just as strictly as if he had not given vent to them when in a state of "moral insanity." So also does that palladium of liberty, a jury. Jurors laugh at the wild words upon which actions of breach of promise are sometimes founded, but when the law do they could the repentant lunatic in exemplary damages. Poor fellow, he suffers both in pride and pocket. It therefore behooves impulsive men, with a constitutional tendency to make proposals, or what may be construed into proposals, to the other sex, to school their ardent tempers severely, and to practice total abstinence from pen, ink and paper as a sentimental medium.

DECORATION DAY.

MAY 30, 1874.

BY A. P.

"Will you give me some flowers to deck the soldier's grave?"

The best one garden offers!

There's not a rose, sweet blossom!

That opens to the sun—

My dear delight and treasure

In every garden bed!

But shall be proud to honor

Our country's sacred dead!

These garlands are all ready—

Pure wreaths of sunny bloom—

Mock-roses and sprigs—

To deck the patriot's tomb;

Wreathed as his name are they,

And as his memory sweet;

These bright and pure flowers, shower them thick

Above his sacred bed.

After the battle, he sleeps well,

After the prison's gloom,

Hunger and thirst and fever-wounds,

That scourged his body down;

Gathered as his name are they,

And as his memory sweet;

Showering with one like the cap

He drinks in Paradise.

Gathered as his name are they,

And as his memory sweet;

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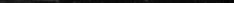
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His name are they, and as his memory sweet;

His name are they, and as his memory sweet;

His name are they, and as his memory sweet;

His name are they, and as his memory sweet;



James, after a prolonged pause of staring contemplation, "if I don't believe it's Bethel?"

"Bethel?" repeated Mr. Dill, gazing at the approaching figure. "What has he been doing to himself?"

Mr. Oway Bethel it was, just arrived from foreign parts in his traveling costume, something shaggy, terminating all over with tails. A wild object he looked, and Mr. Dill rather backed as he drew near, as if fearing he was a real animal which might bite him.

"What's your name?" cried he.

"It used to be Bethel," replied the wild man, holding out his hand to Mr. Dill. "So you are in the world, James, and kicking, yes?"

"And hope to kick in it for some time to come," replied Mr. James. "Where did you hail from last? A settlement at the North Pole?"

"Didn't get quite as far. What's the row here?"

"When did you arrive, Mr. Oway?" inquired old Dill.

"Now. Four o'clock train. I say, what's up?"

"An election, that's all," said Mr. Ebenezer. "Atty went and kicked the bucket."

"I don't ask about the election; I heard all that at the railway station," returned Oway Bethel impatiently. "What's that?" waving his hand at the crowd.

"One of the candidates, wasting breath and words," replied Mr. Ebenezer.

"I say," repeated Oway Bethel, looking at Mr. Dill, "wasn't I rather—rather of the rainbow, for him to oppose Carlyle?"

"Infamously contemptible!" was the old gentleman's excited answer. "But he'll get his deserts yet, Mr. Oway; they have already begun. We were treated to a ducking yesterday in Justice Hare's green pond."

"And he did look a miserable devil when he came out, trailing through the streets," added Mr. Ebenezer, while Oway Bethel burst into a laugh. "He was smothered into some hot blankets at the 'Haven,' and a pint of burnt brandy put into him. He seems all right to-day."

"Will he go in and win?"

"Chort! Win against Carlyle! He has not the ghost of a chance; and government—if it is the government who put him on it—must be a pack of fools; they can't know the influence of Carlyle. Bethel, is that style of costume the fashion where you come from?"

"For slender pockets. I'll sell you to you now, James, at half price. Let's get a look at this Levison, though. I have never seen the fellow."

Another interruption of the crowd, even as he spoke, caused by the railway van bringing up some luggage. They contrived, in the confusion, to push themselves to the front, not far from Sir Francis. Oway Bethel stared at him in unqualified amazement.

"Why—what brings him here? What is he doing?"

"Who?"

"He pointed with his finger. 'The one with the white handkerchief in his hand.' That is Sir Francis."

"No," uttered Bethel, a whole world of astounded meaning in his tone. "By Jove! He Sir Francis Levison?"

At that moment, their eyes met, Francis Levison's and Oway Bethel's. Oway Bethel raised his shaggy cap in salutation, and Sir Francis appeared completely scared. Only for an instant did he lose his presence of mind. The next, his eye-glass was stuck in his eye and turned on Mr. Bethel with a hard, haughty stare, as much as to say, Who are you, fellow, that you should take such a liberty? But his cheeks and lips were growing as white as marble.

"Do you know Levison, Mr. Oway?" inquired old Dill.

"A little. Once."

"When he was not Levison, but somebody else," laughed Mr. Ebenezer. "Eh Bethel?"

Bethel turned as reproving a stare on Mr. Ebenezer, as the baronet had just turned on him. "What do you mean, pray? Mind your own business."

A nod to old Dill, and he turned off and disappeared, taking no further notice of James. The old gentleman questioned the latter.

"What was that little bit of by-play, Mr. Ebenezer?"

"Nothing much," laughed Mr. Ebenezer. "Only he, nodding toward Sir Francis, 'was not always the great man he is now.'"

"Ah!"

"I have held my tongue about it, for it's no affair of mine, but I don't mind telling you into the secret. Would you believe that that grand baronet there, would be member for West Lynne, used, years ago, to dodge about Abbey Wood, and after Afy Halli-john?"

"He didn't call himself Levison then?"

"No. Dill felt as if a hundred pins and needles were pricking at his memory, for there rose up in certain doubts and troubles, touching Richard Hare and one Thorne. He laid his eager hand upon the other's arm. 'Ebenezer James, what did he call himself?'"

"Thorne. A dandy then, as he is now. He used to come galloping down the Swinerton road at dusk, in his horse in the wood, and non-polite Miss Afy."

"How do you come to know this?"

"Because I have seen it a dozen times. I was once after Afy myself in those days, and went down there a good deal in an evening. If it hadn't been for him, and—perhaps that murdering villain, Dick Hare, Afy would have listened to me. Not that she cared for Dick, but you see, they were gentlemen. I am thankful to the stars now, for my lack in escaping her. With her for a wife, I should have been in a pickle always; as it is, I get out of it once in a way."

"Did you know then that he was Francis Levison?"

"Not I. He called himself Thorne, I tell you. When he came down, to offer himself for member, and oppose Carlyle, I was thunderstruck; like Bethel was a minute ago. Ho, ho, said I, so Thorne's defect, and what had Oway Bethel to do with him?"

"Nothing that I know of. Only Bethel was fond of the wood also—after other game than Afy, though—and must have seen Thorne often. You saw that he recognized him."

"Thorne—Levison, I mean—didn't not appear to like the recognition," said Mr. Dill.

"Who would, in his position?" laughed Ebenezer James. "I don't like to be reminded of many a wild scrap of my past life, in my poor station; and what would it be for Levison, were it to come out that he once called himself Thorne, and came running after Miss Afy Halli-john?"

"Why did he call himself Thorne? Why disguise his own name?"

"Not knowing, can't say. Is his name Levison? or is it Thorne?"

"Nonsense, Mr. Ebenezer."

Mr. Dill, bursting with the strange news he had heard, endeavored to force his way through the crowd, that he might communicate it to Mr. Carlyle. The crowd was, however, too dense for him, and he had to

wait the opportunity of occupying with what patience he might. When it came he made the best of his way to the office, and entered Mr. Carlyle's private room. That gentleman was seated at his desk, signing letters.

"Why, Dill, you are out of breath?"

"Well I may be! Mr. Archibald, I have been listening to the most extraordinary statement. I have found out about Thorne. Who do you think he is?"

Mr. Carlyle laid down his pen, and looked full in the old man's face; he had never seen him before.

"It's that man, Levison."

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Carlyle. He did not. It was as good as Hebrew to him.

"The Levison of to-day, your opponent, is the Thorne who went after Afy Halli-john. It is so, Mr. Archibald."

"It cannot be," slowly uttered Mr. Carlyle, though upon thought working hard with his brain. "Where did you hear this?"

Mr. Dill told his tale. Oway Bethel's recognition of him, Mr. Francis Levison's second passion for he had noticed that; Mr. Ebenezer's revelation. The point in it all, that finally settled most upon Mr. Carlyle, was the thought that if Levison were indeed the man, he could not be instrumental in bringing him to justice.

Bethel had denied to me more than once that he knew Thorne, or was aware of such a man being in existence," observed Mr. Carlyle.

"He must have had a purpose in it, then," returned Mr. Dill. "They knew each other to-day. Levison recognized him for certain; although he carried it off with a high hand, pretending not."

"And it was not as Levison, but as Thorne that Bethel recognized him?"

"There's little doubt of that. He did not mention the name, Thorne; but he was evidently struck with astonishment at hearing that it was Levison. If they have not some secret between them, Mr. Archibald, I'll never believe my own eyes again."

"Mrs. Hare's opinion is, that Bethel had to do with the murder," said Mr. Carlyle, in a low tone.

"If that is their secret, Bethel knows the murderer, rely upon it," was the answer. "Mr. Archibald, it seems to me that now or never is the time to clear up Richard."

"Aye, but how set about it?" responded Mr. Carlyle.

Meanwhile Barbara had proceeded home in her carriage, her brain as busy as Mr. Carlyle's, perhaps more troubled. Her springing lightly and hastily out, the moment it stopped, disdaining the footman's arm, her compressed lips and absent countenance proved that her resolution was set upon some plan of action. William and Madame Vine met her in the hall.

"We have seen Dr. Martin, Mrs. Carlyle."

"And he says—"

"I cannot stay to hear now, William. I will see you later, Madame."

She ran upstairs to her dressing room, Madame Vine following her with her reproachful eyes. "Why should she care?" thought Madame. "It is not her child."

Throwing her parasol on one chair, her gloves on another, down sat Barbara to her writing table. "If I will write to him; I will have him here, if it be but for an hour," she passionately exclaimed. "This shall be, so far, cleared up. I am as sure as sure can be that it is that man. The very action Richard described! And there was the diamond ring! For better, for worse, I will send for him; but it will not be for worse if God is with us."

She dashed off a letter, getting up ere she had well begun it, to order her carriage round again. She would trust none but herself to lead her in the post.

"MY DEAR MR. SMITH. We want you here. Something has arisen that it is necessary for you to see us. You can get here by Saturday. Be in these grounds, near the covered walk, that evening at dusk. Ever yours, B."

And the letter was addressed to Mr. Smith, of some street in Liverpool, the address furnished by Richard. Very cautious, you see, was Barbara. She even put "Mr. Smith" inside the letter.

"Now stop," cried Barbara to herself, as she was folding it. "I ought to send him a five-pound note, for he may not have the means to come; and I don't think I have one of that amount in the house."

She looked in her secret drawer. Not a single five-pound note. Out of that room she ran, meeting Joyce, who was coming along the corridor.

"Do you happen to have a five-pound note, Joyce?"

"No, ma'am, not by me."

"I dare say Madame Vine has. I paid her last week, and there were two five-pound notes amongst it. And away went Barbara to the grey parlor.

"Could you lend me a five-pound note, Madame Vine? I have occasion to include one in a letter, and find I do not possess one."

Madame Vine went to her room to get it. Barbara waited. She asked William what Dr. Martin said.

"He tried my chest with—Oh, I forget what they call it—and he said, I must be a brave boy and take my cod-liver oil well, and port wine and everything I like that was good. And he said he should be at West Lynne next Wednesday afternoon; and I am to go there, and he would call in and see me."

"Where are you to meet him?"

"He said, either at papa's office or at Aunt Cornelia's, as we might decide. Madame fixed it for papa's office, for she thought he might like to see Dr. Martin. I say, mamma."

"What?" asked Barbara.

"Madame Vine has been crying ever since. Why should she?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Crying?"

"Yes; but she wipes her eyes under her spectacles, and thinks I don't see her. I know I am very ill, but why should she cry for that?"

"Nonsense, William! Who told you you were very ill?"

"Nobody. I suppose I am," he thoughtfully added. "If Joyce or Lucy cried, now, there'd be more sense in it, for they have known me all my life."

"You are so apt to fancy things! You are always doing it. It is not likely that Madame would be crying because you were ill."

Madame came in with the bank-note. Barbara thanked her, ran upstairs, and in another minute or two was in her carriage. She was back again, and drowsing, when the gentlemen returned to dinner. Mr. Carlyle came upstairs. Barbara, like most persons who do things without reflection, having had time to cool down from her ardor, was doubting whether she had acted wisely in sending so precipitately for Richard. She carried her doubt and care to her husband, her sure refuge in perplexity.

"Archibald, I fear I have done a foolish thing."

He laughed. "I fear we all do that at times, Barbara. What is it?"

He had seated himself in one of Barbara's

favorite low chairs, and as she stood before him, leaning on his shoulder, her face a little behind, so that he could not see it. In her delicacy, she would not look at him while she spoke what she was going to speak.

"It is something that I have had upon my mind for years, and I did not like to tell it to you."

"For years?"

"You remember that night, years ago, when Richard was at the grove in disguise?"

"Which night, Barbara? He came more than once."

"The night—the night that Lady Isabel quitted East Lynne," she answered, not knowing how better to bring it to his recollection; and she stole her hand lovingly into his, as she said it. "Richard came back after his departure, saying he had met Thorne in Bean-lane. He described the peculiar motion of his hand, as he threw back his hair from his brow; he spoke of the white hand and the diamond ring—how it glittered in the moonlight. Do you remember?"

"I do."

"The motion appeared perfectly familiar to me, for I had seen it repeatedly used by one then staying at East Lynne. I wondered you did not recognize it. From that night I had little doubt as to the identity of Thorne. I believed that he and Captain Levison were one."

A pause. "Why did you not tell me so, Barbara?"

"How could I speak of that man to you, at that time? Afterward, when Richard was here, that snowy winter's day, he asserted that he knew Francis Levison; that he had seen him and Thorne together; and that put me off the scent. But to-day, as I was passing the Haven, in the carriage—going very slow, on account of the crowd—he was perched out there, addressing the people, and I saw the very same action—the old action that I had used to see."

Barbara paused. Mr. Carlyle did not interrupt her.

"I feel a conviction that they are the same; that Richard must have been under some unaccountable mistake, in saying he knew Francis Levison. Besides, who but he, in evening dress, would have been likely to go through Bean-lane that night? It leads to no houses, but one wishing to avoid the high road could get into it from those grounds, and so on to West Lynne. It was proved, you know, that he met—met the carriage coming from Mrs. Jefferson's, and returned in it to East Lynne. He must have gone back directly on foot to West Lynne, to get the post carriage, as was proved, and he would naturally go through Bean-lane. Forgive me, Archibald, for recollecting those things to you, but I do feel sure that Levison and Thorne are one."

"I know they are," he quietly said.

Barbara, in her astonishment, drew back and stared him in the face—a face of severe dignity it was just then.

"Oh, Archibald! Did you know it at that time?"

"I did not know it until this afternoon. I never suspected it."

"I wonder you did not. I have wondered often."

"So do I now. Dill, Ebenezer James, and Oway Bethel—who came home to-day—were standing before the Raven, listening to his speech, when Bethel recognized him; not as Levison—he was infinitely astonished to find he was Levison. Levison, they say, was scared at the recognition, and changed color. Bethel would give no explanation, and moved away; but James told Dill that Levison was the man Thorne, who used to be after Afy Halli-john."

"How did he know?" breathlessly asked Barbara.

"Because Mr. Ebenezer was after Afy himself, and repeatedly saw Thorne in the wood. Barbara, I believe now that it was Levison who killed Halli-john, but I should like to know what Bethel had to do with it."

Barbara clasped her hands. "How strange it is!" she exclaimed, in some excitement.

Mamma told me, yesterday, that she was convinced something or other was going on, turn up relative to the murder. She had had the most distressing dream, she said, connected with Richard and Bethel, and somebody else, whom she appeared to know in the dream, but could not recognize or remember when she awoke. She was as ill as could be; she does put such faith in those wretched dreams."

"I would think you did also, Barbara, by your vehemence."

"No, no, you know better. But it is strange; you must acknowledge that it is—that, so sure as anything happens touching the subject of the murder, so sure is a troubled dream the forerunner of it. Mamma does not have them at other times. Bethel denied to you that he knew Thorne."

"I know he did."

"And now it turns out that he does know him, and he is always in mamma's dreams—none more prominent in them than Bethel. But, Archibald, I am not telling you; I have sent for Richard."

"You have?"

"I felt sure that Levison was Thorne; I did not expect that others would recognize him, and I acted on the impulse of the moment, and wrote to Richard, telling him to be here on Saturday evening. The letter is gone."

"Well, we must shelter him as we best can."

"Archibald—dear Archibald, what can be done to clear him?" she asked, the tears rising to her eyes.

"Being Levison, I cannot act."

"What?" she uttered. "Not act?—not act for Richard?"

He bent his clear, truthful eyes upon her. "My dearest, how can I?"

She looked a little rebellious, and the tears fell.

"You have not considered, Barbara. Any one in the world but Levison; it would look like my own revenge."

"Forgive me," she softly whispered. "You are always right. I did not think of it in that light. But what steps do you imagine can be taken?"

"It is a case encompassed with difficulties," mused Mr. Carlyle. "Let us wait till Richard comes."

"Do you happen to have a five-pound note in your pocket, Archibald?"

"No one to send to him, and borrowed it from Madame Vine."

He took out his pocket-book and gave it her.

In the grey parlor, in the dark twilight of the April evening—for it was getting far on into the night—were William Carlyle and Lady Isabel. It had been a warm day, and the spring evenings were still chilly, but the fire burned in the grate. There was no blame, the red embers were smoldering and half dead, but Madame Vine did not bestir herself to feed the fire. William lay on the sofa, and she sat by, looking at him. Her glasses were off, for the tears were then continually; and it was not the recognition of the children she feared. He was tired with the drive to Lynneborough and back, and lay with eyes shut; she thought asleep. Presently he opened them.

"How long will it be before I die?"

The words took her utterly by surprise, and her heart was roused in a while.

"What do you mean, William? Who said anything about my dying?"

"Oh, I know. I know by the fuses there to cover me. You heard what Hannah said the other night."

"What? When?"

"When she brought in the tea, and I was lying on the rug. I was not asleep, though you thought I was. You told her she ought to be more cautious, for that I might not have been asleep."

"I don't remember much about it," said Lady Isabel, at her wit's end how to remove the impression Hannah's words must have created, had he indeed heard them. "Hannah talks great nonsense sometimes."

"She said I was going on fast to the grave."

"Did she? Nobody attends to Hannah. She is only a foolish girl. We shall soon have you well, when the warm weather comes."

"Madame Vine."

"Well, my darling?"

"Where's the use of your trying to deceive me? Do you think I don't see that you are doing it? I'm not a baby; you might if it were Archibald. What is it that's the matter with me?"

"Nothing. Only you are not strong. When you get strong again, you will be as well as ever."

William shook his head in disbelief. He was precisely that sort of child from whom it is next to impossible to disguise facts; quick, thoughtful, observant, and advanced beyond his years. Had no words been dropped in his hearing, he would have suspected the evil, by the care evinced for him, but plenty of words had been dropped; hints by which he had gathered suspicion; broad assertions, like Hannah's, which had too fully supplied it; and the boy, in his most honest heart, knew as well that death was coming for him, as that death itself did.

"Then, if there's nothing the matter with me, why could not Dr. Martin speak to you before me to-day? Why did he send me into the other room while he told you what he thought? Ah, Madame Vine, I am as wise as you."

"A wise little boy, but mistaken sometimes," she said, from her aching heart.

"It's nothing to die, when God loves us. Lord Vane says so. He had a little brother who died."

"A sickly child who was never likely to live; he had been pale and ailing from a baby," spoke Lady Isabel.

"Why did you know him?"

"I—I heard so," she replied, turning off her thoughtsless sorrow in the best manner she could.

"Don't you know that I'm going to die?"

"No."

"Then why have you been grieving since we left Dr. Martin's? And why do you grieve at all for me? I am not your child."

The words, the scene altogether, overcame her. She knelt down by the sofa, and her tears burst forth freely. "There! you see!" cried William.

"Oh, William, I—I had a little boy of my own once, and when I look at you, I think of him, and that is why I cry."

"I know. You have told us of him before. His name was William, too."

She leaned over him, her breath mingling with his; she took his little hand in hers. "William, do you know that those whom God loves best, he takes first. Were you to die, you would go to heaven, leaving all the cares and sorrows of the world behind you. It would have been happier for many of us had we died in infancy."

"Would it have been happier for you?"

"Yes," she faintly said. "I have had more than my share of sorrow. Sometimes I think that I cannot support it."

"Is it not past, then? Do you have sorrow now?"

"I have it always. I shall have it till I die. Had I died a child, William, I still have occupied it. Oh! the world is full of it! full and full."

"What sort of sorrow?"

"All sorts. Pain, sickness, care, trouble, sin, remorse, weariness," she wailed out. "I cannot enumerate the half that the world brings upon us. When you are very, very tired, William, does it not seem a luxury, a sweet happiness, to lie down at night in your little bed, waiting for the bliss of sleep?"

"Yes. And I am often tired; as tired as that."

"Then, just so do we, who are tired of the world's cares, long for the grave in which we shall lie down to rest. We need it, William; long for it; but you cannot understand that."

"We don't lie in the grave, Madame Vine."

"No, no, child. Our bodies lie there, to be raised again in beauty at the last day. We go into a blessed place of rest, where sorrow and pain cannot come. I wish—I wish," she uttered, with a bursting heart, "that you and I were both there."

"Who says the world's so sorrowful, Madame Vine? I think it is lovely, especially when the sun shines on a hot day, and the butterflies come out. You should see East Lynne on a summer's morning, when you are running up and down the slopes, and the trees are waving overhead, and the sky's blue, and the roses and flowers are all out. You would not call it a sad world."

"A pleasant world, one might regret to leave if we were not wearied by pain and care. But what is this world, take it at its best, in comparison with that other world, heaven? I have heard of some people who are afraid of death; they fear they shall not go to it; but when God takes a little child there, it is because He loves him. It is a land, as Mrs. Barbauld says, where the roses are without thorns, where the flowers are not mixed with brambles."

"I have seen the flowers," interrupted William, rising in his earnestness. "They are ten times brighter than our flowers here."

"Seen the flowers! The flowers we shall see in heaven?" she echoed.

"I have seen a picture of them. We went to Lynneborough to see Martin's Picture of the Last Judgment. I don't mean Dr. Martin," said William, interrupting himself.

"I know."

"There were three pictures. One was called the 'Plains of Heaven,' and I liked that best, and so we all did. Oh, you should have seen it! Did you ever see them, Madame Vine?"

"No, I have heard of them."

"There was a river, you know, and boats, beautiful gondolas they looked, taking the redeemed to the shores of heaven. They were shadowy figures in white robes, myriads of them, for they reached all up in the air to the holy city; it seemed to be in the clouds coming down from God. The flowers grew the banks of the river, pink and blue and violet, all colors they were, but so bright and beautiful; brighter than our flowers are."

"Who took you to see the pictures?"

"Papa. He took me and Lucy; and Mrs. Hare went with us, and Barbara—she was not our mamma, then. But, Madame, dropping her voice—" what stupid thing do you think Lucy asked papa?"

"What did she ask him?"

"She asked whether mamma was amongst that crowd in the white robes; whether she was gone up to heaven? Our mamma that was, you know; Lady Isabel. We were in front of the picture at the time, and lots of people could hear what she said."

Lady Isabel dropped her face upon her hands.

"What did your papa answer?" she breathed.

"I don't know. Nothing, I think; he was talking to Barbara. But it was very stupid of Lucy, because Wilson has told her over and over again that she must never talk of Lady Isabel to papa. Miss Manning has told her so, too. When we got home, and Wilson heard of it, she said Lucy deserved a good shaking."

"Why must not Lady Isabel be talked of to him?"

"A moment after the question had left her lips, she wondered what possessed her to give utterance to it."

"I'll tell you," said William, in a whisper. "She ran away from papa. Lucy talks nonsense about her having been kidnapped, but she knows nothing. I do; though they don't think it, perhaps."

"She may be among the redeemed some time, William, and you with her."

He fell back on the sofa pillow with a weary sigh, and lay in silence. Lady Isabel stared at him, and remained in silence also. Soon she was aroused from it; William was in a fit of loud, sobbing tears.

"Oh, I don't want to die. I don't want to die! Why should I go and leave papa and Lucy?"

He clung over him; she clasped her arms round him; her tears, her sobs, mingling with his. She whispered to him sweet and soothing words; she placed him so that he might sob out his grief upon her bosom; and in a little while the paroxysm had passed.

"Hark!" exclaimed William; "what's that?"

A sound of talking and laughter in the hall. Mr. Carlyle, Lord Mount Severn, and his son were leaving the dining-room. They had some committee appointed that evening at West Lynne, and were departing to keep it. As the hall-door closed upon them, Barbara came into the grey parlor. Up rose Madame Vine, scuffled on her spectacles, and took her seat soberly upon a chair.

"All in the dark! And your fire going out!" exclaimed Barbara, as she hastened to stir the latter and send it into a blaze.

"What's that on the sofa? William! you ought to be to bed."

"Not yet, mamma. I don't want to go yet."

"But it is quite time that you should," she returned, ringing the bell. "To sit up at night is not the way to make you strong."

William was dismissed. And then she turned to Madame Vine, and inquired what Dr. Martin had said.

"He said the lungs were undoubtedly affected; but, like all doctors, he would give no decisive opinion. I could see that he had formed one."

Mrs. Carlyle looked at her. The firelight played especially upon the spectacles, and she moved her chair into the shade.

"Dr. Martin will see him again next week; he is coming to West Lynne. I am sure, by the tone of his voice, by his evasive manner, that he anticipates the worst, although he would not say so in words."

"I will take William into West Lynne myself," observed Barbara. "The doctor will, of course, tell me. I came in to pay about him—who he was, what he was, where he came from, where he went to; and thus more years passed on. Another Thorne came to West Lynne—an officer in her majesty's service; and his appearance tallied with the description Richard had given. I assumed it to be the one; Mr. Carlyle assumed it; but before anything could be done, or even thought of, Captain Thorne was gone again."

Barbara paused to take breath. Madame Vine sat motionless enough. What was this tale to her?

"Again years went on. The period came of Francis Levison's sojourn at East Lynne. Whilst I was there, Captain Thorne arrived once more, on a visit to the Herberts. We then strove to find out points of his antecedents. Mr. Carlyle and I, and we became nearly convinced that he was the man. I had to come here often to see Mr. Carlyle, for mamma did not dare to do so, as the affair was so recent against Richard. Thorne often saw Francis Levison; but he was visible to scarcely any other visitor, being at East Lynne on cachette. He intimated that he was afraid of encountering creditors. I now began to doubt whether that was not a false plea; and I remember Mr. Carlyle said, at the time, that he had no creditors in or near West Lynne."

"Then, what was his motive for shunning society? for never going out?" interrupted Lady Isabel. "Too late," she remembered that bygone time; Francis Levison had told her that the fear of his creditors kept him up so closely; though he had once said to her they were not in the immediate neighborhood of East Lynne."

"He had a worse fear upon him than that of creditors," returned Mr. Carlyle. "Singular to say, during this visit of Captain Thorne to the Herberts, we received an intimation from my brother that he was more about than he had been for some time to West Lynne. I brought the news to Mr. Carlyle. I had to see him and consult with him more frequently than ever; mamma was painfully restless and anxious, and Mr. Carlyle as eager as we were for the establishment of Richard's innocence; for Miss Carlyle and papa are related, consequently the disgrace may be said to reflect on the Carlyle name."

Back went Lady Isabel's memory and her bitter repentance. She remembered how jealously she had attributed those meetings between Mr. Carlyle and Barbara to another source. Oh, why had she suffered her mind to be so falsely and fatally perverted?

"Richard came. It was hastily arranged that he should go privately to Mr. Carlyle's office, after the clerks had left for the night, be concealed there, and have an opportunity given him of seeing Captain Thorne. There was no difficulty, for Mr. Carlyle was transacting some matter of business for the captain, and appointed him to be at the office at eight o'clock. A memorable night, that, to Mr. Carlyle, for it was the one of his wife's elopement."

Lady Isabel looked up with a start.

"It was, indeed. She—Lady Isabel—and Mr. Carlyle were engaged to a dinner party; and Mr. Carlyle had to give it up, otherwise he could not have served Richard. He is always considerate and kind, thinking of others' welfare—never of his own gratification. Oh, it was an anxious night! Papa was out. I waited at home with mamma, doing what I could to soothe her restless suspense, for there was hazard to Richard in his night walk through West Lynne to keep the appointment; and, when it was over, he was to come home for a short interview with mamma, who had not seen him for several years."

Barbara stopped, lost in thought. Not a word spoke Madame Vine. She still wondered what this affair touching Richard

Hare and Captain Thorn could have to do with Francis Levison.

"I watched from the window, and saw them come in at the garden gate—Mr. Carlyle and Richard—between nine and ten o'clock, I think it must have been then. The first words they said to me were, that it was not the Captain Thorn spoken of by Richard. I felt a shock of disappointment, which was wicked enough of me, but I had been so sure he was the man; and to hear he was not, seemed to throw me further back than ever. Mr. Carlyle, on the contrary, was glad for he had taken a liking to Captain Thorn. Well, Richard went in to mamma, and Mr. Carlyle was so kind as to accede to her request that he would remain and pace the garden with me. We were so afraid of papa's coming home, he was later against Richard, and would inevitably have delivered him up at once to justice. Had he come in, Mr. Carlyle was to keep him in the garden by the gate, whilst I ran in to give notice and conceal Richard in the hall. Richard lingered; papa did not come and I can't tell how long we paced there; but I had my shawl on, and it was a lovely moonlight night."

That unhappy listener clasped her hands in pain. The matter-of-fact tone, the unemotional manner, the common-place trifles proved that they had not been pining about in disloyalty to her, or for their own gratification. Why had she not trusted her noble husband? Why had she listened to that false man, as he pointed them out to her walking there in the moonlight? Why had she given vent, in the chariot, to that burst of passionate tears, of angry reproach? Why, oh! why had she hastened to be revenged? But for seeing them together, she might not have done so at all.

Richard came forth at last, and departed, to be again an exile. Mr. Carlyle came back again; he had got nearly home when he remembered that he had left a parchment at our house. It seemed to be nothing but coming back; for just after he had gone a second time, Richard returned in a state of excitement, stating that he had met Thorn—Thorn, the murderer, I mean—in Beau-lane. For a moment I doubted his word, but when we ran after Mr. Carlyle, Richard described Thorn's appearance: his evening dress, his white hands and diamond ring; more particularly he described a peculiar motion of his hand as he threw back his hair. In that moment it flashed across me that Thorn must be Captain Levison: the description was exact. Many and many a time since have I wondered that the thought did not strike Mr. Carlyle."

Lady Isabel sat with her mouth open, as if she could not take in the sense of the words; and when it did become clear to her, she utterly rejected it.

"Francis Levison a murderer! Oh, no! bad man as he is, he is not that." "Wait," said Mrs. Carlyle. "I did not speak of this doubt—nay, this conviction—which had come to me; how could I mention to Mr. Carlyle the name of the man who did him that foul wrong? And Richard has remained in exile, with the ban of guilt upon him. To-day, as my carriage passed through West-Lane, Francis Levison was haranguing the people. I saw the very same action—the throwing back of the hair with his white hand. I saw the self same diamond ring; and my conviction that he was the man became more firmly seated than ever."

"It is impossible!" murmured Lady Isabel. "Wait, I say," said Barbara. "When Mr. Carlyle came home to dinner, I, for the first time, mentioned this to him. It was no news—the fact was not. This afternoon, during that same harangue, Francis Levison was recognized by two witnesses to be the man Thorn—the man who went after Ayl Hallington. It is horrible!"

Lady Isabel sat and looked at Mrs. Carlyle. No word did she believe it. "Yes, it does appear to me as being perfectly horrible," continued Mrs. Carlyle. "He murdered Hallington—he, that bad man; and my poor brother has suffered the odium. When Richard met him that night in Beau-lane, he was sneaking to West-Lane in search of the chaise that afterward bore away him and his companion. Papa saw them drive away. Papa stayed out late; and, in returning home, a chaise and four took part, just as he was coming in at the gate. If that miserable Lady Isabel had but known with whom she was flying! A murderer! In addition to his other achievements. It is a mercy for her that she is no longer alive. What would her feelings be?"

What were they, then, as she sat there? A murderer? she had—In spite of her caution, of her strife for self-command, she turned of a deadly whiteness, and a low sharp cry of horror and despair burst from her lips.

Mrs. Carlyle was astonished. Why should her communication have produced this effect upon Madame Vine? A renewed suspicion that she knew more of Francis Levison than she would acknowledge, stole over her.

"Madame Vine, what is it to you?" she asked, bending forward.

Madame Vine, doing fierce battle with herself, recovered her outward equanimity. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Carlyle," she shivered; "I am apt to picture things too vividly. It is, as you say, very horrible."

"Is he nothing to you? Don't you know him?"

"He is nothing to me—less than nothing. As to knowing him—I saw him yesterday, when they put him into the pond. A man like that? I should shudder to meet him."

"Ay, indeed!" said Barbara, reassured. "You will understand, Madame Vine, that this history has been given to you in confidence. I look upon you as one of ourselves."

There was no answer. Madame Vine sat on with her white face. She and it were altogether a ghastly look.

"It tells like a tale out of a romance," resumed Mrs. Carlyle. "Well for him if the romance be not ended on the gibbet. Fancy what it would be for him—Sir Francis Levison—to be hung for murder!"

"Barbara, my dearest!"

The voice was Mr. Carlyle's, and she flew off on the wings of love. It appeared that the gentlemen had not yet departed, and she thought they would wait for coffee first.

Flew off to her idolized husband, leaving her, who had once been the idolized, to her loneliness. She sank down on the sofa; she threw her arms up in her heart-sickness; she thought she would faint; she prayed to die. It was horrible, as Barbara had called it. For that man, with the red stain upon his hand and soul, she had flung away a faithful ally.

If ever religious came home to woman, it came home in that hour to Lady Isabel.

THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little man, "to make the dark world bright! My silver lamp cannot struggle with the gloom of night! But I'll try to be a part of your Maker's plan, and I'll do it as best I can."

"What is the use," said a stout, stout man, "of those few drops that I hold? They will hardly head the lily pond. Though caught in her cup of gold, Yet I am a part of our Maker's plan, and I'll do it as best I can."

A child went merrily forth to play, But a thought, like a silver thread, Kept winding in and out all day. Though the happy, golden sand, Mother said, "Daring, do all you can, For you are a part of our Maker's plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star, Nor the cloud with its chalice full. How, why, and for what all strange things were; But she thought, "It is part of our Maker's plan, That even I should do all that I can."

She helped a younger child along, When the road was rough to the feet; And she sang from her heart a little song, That we all thought passing sweet; And her father, a weary, toll-woman, said, "I will do like the best that I can."

THE GHOST OF ALNWICK PLACE.

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Aunt Rebecca.

The wine-like glow of sunset yet illumined the great bay-window; and the great of the apartment was already enshrouded in the grey shadows of twilight, in whose misty indistinctness the huge chairs of carved oak looked like gigantic monsters from some foreign shore. From the walls, frowned dark old family portraits, and the crimson hangings above the arched doors waved restlessly back and forth in the draughts of wind that swept through the vast corridor.

"I don't believe a word of it!" ejaculated Aunt Rebecca, with more emphasis than before. "A ghost story, indeed!"

"Tell me about it, Violet," said young Hazelwood, to whom the deep bay-window, with its far-off prospect of snowy hills, veiled in gathering twilight, to say nothing of pretty Violet Orme's close vicinity, was infinitely more attractive than the more modern regions of Alnwick Place.

"It is not much of a story," said Violet, flushing up to her very eyelashes at the sound of her own soft voice; "only years ago, long before my great-grandpapa built this house, the site was all one unbroken wood, and there was a tradition that a beautiful girl was cruelly killed by her lover. Her grave, they said, was beneath the foundations of the house; but I scarcely credit this part of the legend."

"Of course not," interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a toss of her false curls. "I have no patience with the relics of old superstition."

"And," pursued Violet, sinking her voice to a whisper, and instinctively moving nearer to the side of Hazelwood, "the story goes on to say that a figure, all robed in white, with a crimson wound gaping in its throat, sweeps through these echoing vestibules like a shadow at the dead of night."

"Oh, phew!" said Aunt Rebecca, impatiently; "you may depend that it is only the red hangings, and the moonlight, and the wind, I never saw a ghost yet, and I don't believe I ever shall."

"Oh, Aunt Rebecca," said Violet, deprecatingly, looking round with a nervous start, as some distant door creaked on its hinges.

"Fiddlestick!" said Miss Rebecca, sharply. "Sensible people lie quiet in their graves after they are dead; and I'll wager anything that this whole ghost story is a sheer fabrication of some one or other, who enjoyed the idea of laughing in his sleeve at other people's senseless terror."

"I remember," said Violet, softly, "how fearful I used to be of crossing the hall after dusk, when I was a little timid girl."

"But you are not afraid now?" said Hazelwood, in a half whisper, looking admiringly down at the delicate peach-bloss face turned towards him. "Don't go away yet; it's so quiet and lovely here in the icy winter starlight. See that beautiful planed blazing like a point of gold above the red traces of sunset! You are not cold?"

"No—oh, no!" said the young girl, thoughtfully.

"I am glad you told me that ghost story," pursued Hazelwood, smiling. "Don't start—that noise was only the rustling of yonder faded draperies. There is something very pathetic in the idea of that lovely girl meeting such a fate in the solemn silence of the old woods. I can fancy the whole scene most vividly."

He paused, as if imagination were already at work in his brain.

"I wish you wouldn't talk so foolishly, Captain Hazelwood," said Aunt Rebecca, uneasily.

"What are you looking for, aunt? Have you dropped anything? Shall I call for Harris to bring a candle?" asked Violet, coming to her aunt's side.

"Nothing, nothing," said Miss Rebecca, with a little embarrassment in her voice. "Come—don't stay here any longer in the biting cold, unless you both want a week's medicine and doctor's visit."

"It is not cold, Aunt Rebecca," pleaded Violet, and the starlight is so beautiful on the stone pavement. Just let us wait until that fiery planet mounts a little higher."

But a peremptory summons from Colonel Orme himself, who had just walked in, and who sat beside the glowing fire in the library, to a sort of vague wonder as to where Rebecca and the young people could possibly be, speedily settled the matter.

"Never mind, Violet," whispered Charles Hazelwood; "by-and-by, when your father has gone to his room, and Aunt Rebecca is busy with her curl-papers in her own special dormitory, we can have a starlight stroll through the ghost's territory."

Violet gave him an arch glance, as she tripped after Aunt Rebecca into the hall which led to Colonel Orme's brilliantly lighted library.

"I wish Captain Hazelwood wouldn't remain out there," said Aunt Rebecca, anxiously. "He will catch his death of cold; and, besides—"

"Besides what, Aunt Rebecca?"

"Violet," said the maiden lady, "I wish you would go down and see if the house-keeper has prepared that posset for my sore throat, that's a good girl. I believe I shall go up to bed."

"But, aunt, it is so early!"

"Never mind," said Miss Rebecca, who seemed to labor under a little difficulty of articulation. "I feel rather weary, and had better retire."

"Shall I go with you?"

"Nonsense! do you suppose I'm afraid of a pack of ghosts, running about in white night-gowns?"

Violet smiled, and went to execute her aunt's behests.

How peacefully the distant hills and valleys slept in their snowy mantles that glorious December night. It reminded one of a lovely painting executed with brushes dipped in liquid pearl, and shaded with

FACETIÆ.

When a man like a pretty flower? When he is a little daisy.

The per se salutation when you meet a writing-master is, "How do you flourish?"

A DREARY JACOBIN, when President of the United States, was accused of bad spelling, but John Randolph defended him by declaring that "a man must be a fool who could not spell a word more ways than one."

The late Emperor of Austria, when Liszt had played before him, went up to compliment him. "I have heard Beethoven, and Thalberg, and Chopin," he said, gravely; "but I have never seen any one perspire like you."

"What beautiful teeth Mrs. Robinson has!" remarked Mrs. Smith, before her niece, a little girl of five or six. "Oh," cried the child, "they are not so beautiful as yours, auntie!"

"Do you think so, my dear?"

"Why, yes, auntie; yours have got gold all round them!"

A MAN describing a western hotel, says: "You can sit there and think that you wouldn't be surprised to behold Cleopatra in her barge, with a banquet of her jolly crew sailing through the room on the placid bosom of an ocean of oat-tail soup, and eating a pearl as big as a watermelon."

An Oxford undergraduate was asked to point out "which were the greatest, and which were the lesser prophets." Young Hopeful, he soon rallied, however, recovered his self-possession, and answered, with the utmost nonchalance, "I never like to make injudicious distinctions."

If you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other that they wouldn't move quick if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home, if you want to move fast.

WHAT a lover thinks about cremation: My love she is down to a turn; Her form I never shall see; They burnt her all up like a fash, And left me to serve for ash.

But all to the same, as I see, When out of my kitchen I turn; That, also, she is gone to that burn. What a terrible never return.

It was an unfortunate idea, making the new ten-cent scrip so much like the fifty-cent scrip. It is no pleasant sensation, after hurrying from a store and all the way home under the impression that you have beaten somebody out of forty cents, to find you have the right change after all. We may be a little prejudiced, but it strikes us that is taking an ungenerous advantage of trusting nature.

Mrs. JONES always believed her Frederick when he told her that the "club" was for social intercourse and discussion of professional topics, until the other night, when he came into the hall with a rush and evinced a desire to sleep on the front stairs.

"Mary," said he, his voice broken with emotion, "Mary, you have been partaking of the intoxicating pledge, you have broken the cup. I shoo no use d'ying it, Mary, I shoo it in your breath and smell it in your eye. Oh, Mary?" With some difficulty he was put to bed, but since that night he has not slept the club.

OUR JENNY is the most discontented, unhappy little monkey that ever lived. She finds something to cry about twenty times a day. Yesterday I saw her sitting on a box in the back yard, a small monument of despair. The tears were running slowly down her cheeks, and old Carlo, the Newfoundland dog, all decked in rags and strings, stood wagging his tail and watching her sympathetically. I took her up in my arms and asked her what she was crying about.

"Oh, many sings," she said.

"What things, darling?"

"Oh, everything is wrong, everything is in disarray. I wish you hadn't burned me." "Well, den, old Carlo's tail drowed out behind, when I wanted it to draw out between his shoulders, too why for a pommel, so's I could ride on his back and have something to hold on to."

AN EASTER STORY.—On one of the disagreeable nights of Easter week, an ancient toy made a raid, after midnight, on the kitchen of his dwelling, to find something for his stomach's sake. He stumbled over a hot stove, upon which there was a small coffee-pot, sweetly humming a gentle tune, very pleasing to the ear of a hungry and a thirsty wayfarer man. The contents of the coffee-pot were poured out, in a dim light of the kitchen candle, duly sugared and stirred, and then tossed off into the channel of many proceedings and perhaps stronger draughts. Our friend said, "he thought it tasted rather queer," but he went to bed full, and that was all he cared for then. But his dreams were disturbed and his sleep unhealthily. At breakfast, the next morning, he was in a bad humor, and growled at the coffee as people are apt to do sometimes when they have slept badly. "The coffee at breakfast," he said, "was not as good as that he had found on the stove the night before. A general smile of intelligence was exchanged at this opinion, and the autocrat of the breakfast-table, his wife, calmly remarked, "That's what became of your pot of Easter-egg-dye, children; your father drank it, and I feel sure, as he has stood it without changing color in the least, he will never dye."

ALL good mothers-in-law will laugh with us at this funny story, which comes to us from Chicago. Amelia Donnerich sued Augustus Behrens for breach of promise, and the case was heard by Justice Hanlon, damages being held in the sum of \$200.

The defence was that Amelia insisted on bringing her mother to live with her in her new home. "Now," said the defendant, "her mother is a woman of lordly and unpleasant habits, and would insist upon feeding me too much on cabbage—a vegetable for which I have a great dislike. I am ready to marry Amelia, but I am not ready to marry the old woman." The judge:

"My young friend, which would you rather do—marry the woman and take the mother to live with you, or to pay \$200? A fine sarcastic expression at once illuminated the visage of Augustus. Firmness, also, was to be noticed in his aspect, as he answered: "I will pay the \$200." When he had said this, the judge congratulated him and observed: "If I had only the moral courage which you possess, it would have saved me about twenty-five years of misery and unhappiness; and then his honor went on to tell the old story about his mother-in-law. But the best was yet to come. The order of the court," concluded the judge, "is that the defendant stand discharged, and that Amelia, who has been trying to bring a man into slavery to a mother-in-law, be fined \$10 and costs." It would be rather hard to find authority for the judge's decision in any authorized work on contracts; but we suppose that he went behind precedents to principles.

ATTENTION is the duty we owe to others; cleanliness that which we owe to ourselves. In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

HOUSEHOLD SUPERSTITIONS.

If a fire does not burn well, and you want to "draw it up," you should not let the poker across the hearth, with the fire part leaning across the top bar of the grate, and you will have a good fire—if you wait long enough; but you must not be unreasonable, and refuse to give time for the charm to work. For a charm it is, the poker and top bar combined forming a cross, and so defeating the malice of the gnomes, who are jealous of our possession of their subterranean treasures, or else of the witches and demons who preside over smoky chimneys. I had seen the thing done scores of times, and understanding that it was supposed to create a draught, like a poor, weak rationalist as I was, I once thought to improve the matter by setting up the above instead of the poker; but I might as well have left it alone—the fire wasn't to be taken in, or the witches talked, by such a shallow contrivance, and I was left in the cold.

This poker-superstition is at least harmless, and we may admit that among those belonging to the household there are some which are positively beneficial—for example, those referring to the breakage of glass and crockery. You have a valuable mirror, we will say. Do you know what is its greatest safeguard from the hands of household maids, etc.? It is a belief that if a looking-glass is broken, there will be a death in the family within the year. The fear is, of course, most operative in small households, where there are but few persons to divide the risk with the delinquent. I once had a servant who was very much given to breaking glass and crockery. Plates and wine-glasses used to slip out of her hands as if they had been scaped; even spoons (which it was hardly worth while to drop, for they would not break) came jingling to the ground in rapid succession. Let her buy something, said the cook, and that will change the luck. "Decidedly," said the mistress. "It will be as well that she feels the inconvenience herself." "Oh, I didn't mean that, ma'am," was the reply; "I meant that it would change the luck."

"Well, have you broken anything more?" I asked, a few days after this conversation. "No, sir," the girl answered, "I haven't broken nothing since I lost the 'latter dish.' Unluckily, however, this was too good to last; the breaking recommenced, and we were obliged to part.

If you break two things, you will break a third. A neighbor saw one of her servants take up a coarse earthenware basin, and deliberately throw it down upon the brick floor. "What did you do that for?" asked the mistress. "Because, ma'am, I'd broke two things," answered the servant, "so I thought the third 'd better be this ere," putting to the remains of the least valuable piece of pottery in the establishment, which had been sacrificed to glut the vengeance of the offended Ceramic deities.

POWER OF PLEASING.

Women's chief business is to please. A woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature. She may not have youth, or beauty, or even, manner; but she must have something in her voice or expression, or both, which it makes you better disposed towards your race to look at or listen to. The less there is of sex about a woman, the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moment—well dressed enough to be pleased with herself, not so contented as to be a contentment with the varied outside influences that set vibrating the harmonic notes of her nature stirring in the air about her—and what has social life to compare with one of those vital interchanges of thought and feeling with her that make an hour memorable? What can equal her tact, her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature as the warm and cold currents of thought blow by turns? In the hospital soul of woman man forgets he is a stranger, and so becomes natural and truthful, at the same time that he is mesmerized by all those divine differences which make her a mystery and a bewilderment.

TURTLE-EGG BUTTER.

One of the peculiar productions of Brazil, described by Mr. Fletcher, was "turtle-egg butter." There are innumerable turtles on the sand-bars of the Amazon, and the natives make it a business, at the proper season, to collect their eggs, which are deposited in the sand. These are thrown into a boat, and when a sufficient quantity has been collected, they are trampled by the feet of the Indians. After a short time an oily substance rises to the surface, and is skimmed off, and this is "turtle-egg butter." Many millions of eggs are destroyed in this way every year, and the article is largely consumed. But Mr. Fletcher confessed that although he had partaken of many strange dishes in the course of his travels, and had learned to relish them, he never could taste turtle-egg butter. He didn't exactly like the manner of churning.

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Spring Flowers—Two Decoration Days—Revenge
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request. The story you refer to has been published
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any book store.

BASEFUL YOUTH, (Baltimore, Md.) It is impossible

HATTIS R. Be very careful not to betray yourself to the listeners for the young man to whom you refer. A woman should never so much as even let a man see her face that she loves him, before he has committed himself on that question.

A. B. S. (Corwau, Pa.) asks: "Is the Westinghouse air-brake now in use on the majority of the railroads in the United States?" We think not, but

is an admirable invention, and will probably, at no distant day, be employed by most of our railroad companies.

A. B., (Dorver, Del.) asks: "Why do sandy soils acquire to be so constantly fed, in order to maintain their fertility? Does the fertilizing matter leach away, or is the loss caused by the evaporation of ammonia?" Both causes probably operate to produce the effect stated.

F. R. F., (Chester, Pa.) There is no actual remedy

A constitutional tendency to stoutness. It may in some cases be mitigated by taking plenty of exercise, and being particular and frugal in respect to diet, avoiding rich dishes, fermented liquors, farinaceous food, etc.

X. Q. R. "Can you inform me whence arose the name of 'Adam's apple,' which is given to the swelling in the forepart of the throat?" This name originated from a superstitious tradition that a piece of the forbidden fruit which Adam ate stuck in his throat and occasioned the swelling.

OLD SUBSCRIBER. (Fairbury, Illinois.) You will see

WE have anticipated your wishes; the articles to speak of will not any longer be a source of annoyance to you or any one else. We agree with you in what you say, and hope that the change and improvements which we are making are just what you want.

DEAR SIR, Before you condemn the gentleman to whom you are engaged, and take such a very extreme step as the one you contemplate, on account of his not having called upon you when you were sick, you do better demand an explanation of his conduct.

C. H. J. No young lady who entertains any respect for herself would allow a gentleman to introduce himself to her. There is only one legitimate way of becoming acquainted, and that is by introduction through the medium of some mutual friend. If there be no "mutual friend," then you must just get to the chapter of accidents.

EDWARD HARTLEY. It would be utterly impossible for us to say whether or not you could obtain "probable employment" in any of the large cities in this

A Reader: As you do not wish us to say anything more than what is actually necessary to give you a distinct answer, for fear of giving a clue to your untithy, we will briefly advise you to accept the offer at hand been made you. We do not think that, under the circumstances, you are either legally or morally bound to stop in your present unhappy home.

CRITICAL CONTRIBUTORS. We feel ourselves obliged say, once for all, that we cannot undertake to notice or pass any opinion whatever on the merits of the poems and verses sent in to us for our examination. Their name is Legion, and it is impossible for us to afford the space for such a purpose, to say nothing of the time and labor which would have to be expended.

W. O. D., (Cumberland City, Ky.) writes: "Why are the magnetic needle point to the north?" This is a question that has puzzled the profoundest minds of the world, and remains as yet unanswered. We

Only say that the prevailing theory is, that the earth is itself a great magnet, and that the needle assumes a north and south direction because attracted to the dissimilar and repelled by the similar poles of a terrestrial sphere.

INCLINATION. You were right in your opinion. The men of England has theoretically the power of doing any measure of Parliament, but it is very easily indeed that she exercises that prerogative. A only instance of its use during the present generation was when Mr. Gladstone availed himself of it

advising the Queen to effect the passing of the bill providing for the abolition of the purchase system in the English army, some two years and a half ago.

W. W. B. Since you insist upon our giving you our solid opinion of the young lady about whom you write, we must say we do not think that any young lady who is capable of deceiving her parents as she does, in regard to the places she visits and the company she keeps, can have much goodness of heart or truthfulness of nature. If you are engaged to her, the sooner you bring your engagement to a termination, the better it will probably be for you.

BARBARA HARR: "Is there any set form of introduction, and in introducing gentlemen to ladies, one name should be mentioned first?" There is a fixed rule in introducing persons to each other. Permit me to present, "Allow me to introduce," "Allow me the pleasure of presenting," are forms of expression very generally used. In introducing persons of opposite sexes, always introduce the gentleman to the lady, and not the lady to the gentleman.

A. L. FURBER: All we can say upon the subject of our letter is that we believe you have been most

seriously misled by the statement which you say
saw in one of the local papers. Our inflexible
policy, which forbid us discussing any religious or
political subject in these columns, will not allow of
saying more than that we are sure you do the or-
dination very great injustice by attributing to it
such unworthy and discreditable principles and
acts.

REMARKS. You write: "I wish some advice, and
that you will be kind enough to answer my question,
though I know you will say it is a very foolish one."
Some lovers quarrel, who should speak first of a

reconciliation—the lady or the gentleman?" This is a question of sex. If by "lovers" you mean ones engaged to be married, or who are true and pure lovers, then the one who has been the offender would act on the scriptural plan and acknowledge fault. But if by lovers you mean people who seduce and flirt, without any thought of an engagement, the reconciliation perhaps is not desirable. But they quarrel is reason enough, we think, for not keeping apart.

ANON VITA asks: "Which is the oldest tree in

where, and what is its age? That is a matter more uncertain than the individuality and age of the oldest person. In the church-yard of Tisbury, Wiltshire, England, there is now standing an immense yew tree, which measures thirty-seven feet in circumference. The trunk is quite hollow; it is ended by means of a rustic gate, and seventeen people may be breakfasted in its interior. One in Staines is upwards of one thousand years old. The great yew of Portingall, Perthshire, N. B., is stated by Gilpin, in "Forest Scenery," to measure 86½ feet in circumference, and is supposed to have been a tree at

commencement of our Christian era. It still
laine, and was visited by Mr. Neill, the naturalist,
1833.

SUBSCRIBER writes: "I saw it stated in your
papers to Correspondents, some time ago, that
there was a certain fund left in trust by some man of
Philadelphia, to be lent to young men just starting
business, at a low rate of interest. Please state
rough your 'answers' whether this loan can be
obtained by young men in any part of the United
States; to whom parties desiring such a loan should
direct the application; and what will be the

and the security that must be given." We have very little about this beneficiary fund—we know there is such. We think it probable that criminality is made among borrowers on account of us; but we imagine that if such is not the case, it would be very hard for a resident of a distant city to get any of the money.

JOHN. (Riverston, Ont.) asks: "How long has the Fish Museum been in existence? Is it the most complete in the world?" The British Museum owns the origin to the will of Sir Hans Slane, who died in

and bequeathed to the nation his collection of
bals, coins, antiquities, seals, cameos, drawings,
ivories, and his library, consisting of 70,000 volumes
manuscripts, on the condition of the payment to
himself of £20,000, being less than half the cost.
liament accepted this condition by an act passed
June, 1753. The collection has since been vastly
enriched by the munificence of successive Parliam-
ents, and by gifts, bequests, and copyrights, until it
contains a national institution unrivalled in variety
and extent by any similar one in the world. The
National Museum, since 1825, bears cost in the British

about \$1,500,000. The reading room, completed in 1977, cost \$150,000.

PHILADELPHIA.